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PUNCH or The London Charivari—June 2 1954

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Essolube motor oil is sealed for protection of quality. It keeps your car's engine running smoothly and efficiently — which is why the leading racing drivers always rely on it.

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BY MOTOR MANUFACTURERS

This clear, clean mineral oil, approved by British motor manufacturers, is obtainable from leading garages and service stations in a wide range of grades that meet the requirements of all motor vehicles.

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BY ESSO

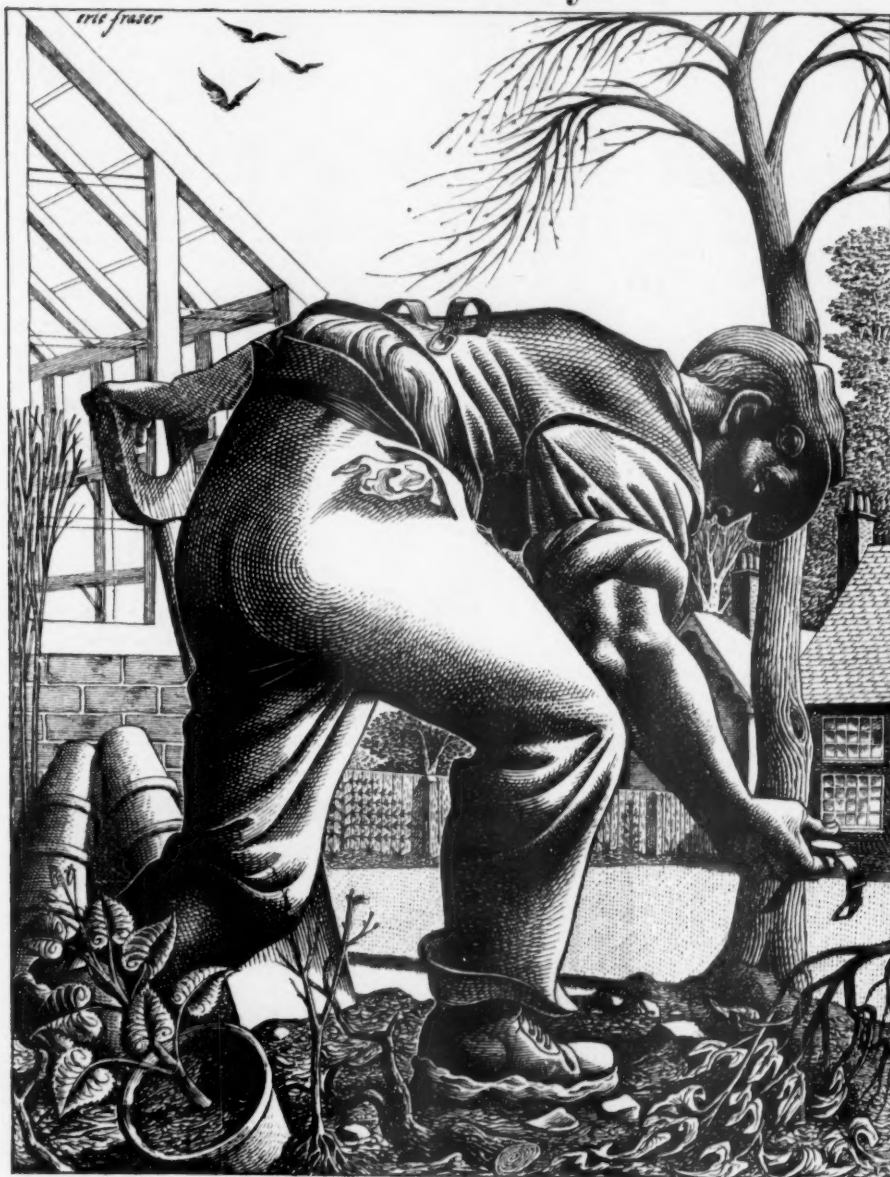
Every bottle of Essolube motor oil bears the name of the world's largest and most experienced oil company — ESSO . . . your guarantee of outstanding quality, extra cleanliness and unequalled all-round engine protection.



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THE TOP QUALITY MOTOR OIL

Four years buried*



"He saw something glitter in the earth; he stooped and picked it up"

FREE COLOUR BROCHURE OF ROLEX WATCHES

For the latest information on Rolex watches recently arrived in this country, and the name and address of your nearest Rolex dealer, write to the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green St., Mayfair, London, W.1



ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. WILSDORF, GOVERNING DIRECTOR)
1 GREEN STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

To protect the delicate movement, Rolex craftsmen and technicians laboured for years to produce the Oyster case. Employing the safest method of waterproofing—the self-sealing action of one metal on another—the Rolex Oyster was the first, and is still the foremost, waterproof watch in the world.

EVEN in 1945, when the war in Europe had ended, flying had its hazards. Flight-Lieutenant Bolton learnt this only too well; it was May 13th when he had to crash-land in the South of England, and was badly injured. His aircraft, a Typhoon, was completely wrecked, and—a more personal tragedy—his Rolex Oyster disappeared.

Later, when he recovered, he made a few wry enquiries of the police; but of course, the watch had gone.

Four years passed; in fact, it was almost exactly four years to the day when a man who lived near where the Typhoon had crashed was digging in his garden. He saw something glitter in the earth; when he stooped and picked it up—yes, it was the pilot's watch.

The case had corroded and the hands had rusted; but these were incidentals. After four years in the earth the delicate mechanism was still unharmed; the Oyster case had protected it perfectly. A little work by the Rolex repair staff—and that watch is still keeping perfect time today.

Well, this is what happened to one Rolex Oyster. And when you remember that the Rolex Oyster, to stay accurate, has to tick exactly 432,000 times a day; and that, as in all other Rolex watches, the lubricating oil has been carefully measured to one thousandth of a gramme, you can realize the exquisite delicacy of a Rolex movement. More credit to the Rolex designers that four years of rain and snow and summer dust had not penetrated the Oyster case.

But, you may argue, most watches would never have to undergo a test like that. True! But all watches have enemies—dirt and damp, dust and perspiration—and the sort of watch that will stand that fall and those four years can hardly be harmed by slighter hazards. A perfect movement perfectly protected is what you want—and what you find in a Rolex Oyster. You find it, too, in the Tudor, the junior member of the Rolex family, which is also protected by the Oyster case.

★ This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the pilot in question (ex-Flight-Lieutenant W. Bolton, of Urmston, Lancashire) to the Rolex Watch Company. A photoprint of the original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, London, W.1.





Imagine this in colour and 3-D

If you use a 35 mm. camera there's no need for imagination. You can see your shots in 3-D, for Stereax gives you the means to take stereoscopic pictures *with your own camera*. There's no expensive new equipment to buy: the complete Stereax outfit, containing everything necessary to take and view 3-D pictures, costs only £7. 8s. 3d. (inc. P.T.) No complicated new technique to learn: simply fit the Stereax Camera Attachment, aim and shoot. Stereoscopy with Stereax is as easy as that. First step towards this new and exciting kind of photography is to read the Stereax booklet. The coupon brings you a copy by return.

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Address



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Darcuna socks from 6/6

Country Life socks from 7/6

Fernia socks from 9/11

From all good hosiers

By **Two Steeples** REGD.

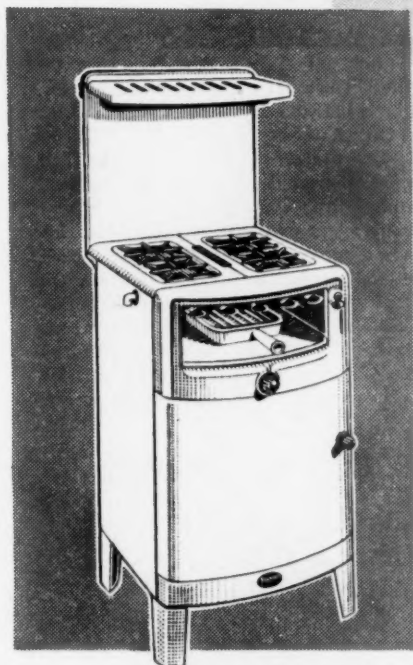
If unable to obtain write to Dept. 'P,' Two Steeples, Ltd., Wigston, Leicestershire



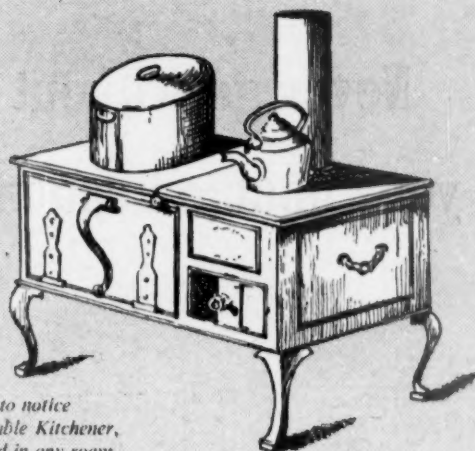
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

Do you know...



... that one of the first portable cooking stoves was manufactured by Flavels. A newspaper in the year 1859, referring to this stove, stated "We feel bound too, to notice a most conveniently arranged portable Kitchener, mounted on legs, which can be used in any room of the house by attaching a pipe to it."



... to-day the pride of the kitchen is the Flavel '68'

... and it's not surprising, for with a 'larger than usual oven,' fast efficient burners and a capacious grilling space this delightful bow-fronted cooker gives really good service for a modest price. From your local gas showrooms on attractive hire purchase terms.

FLAVELS of LEAMINGTON MAKERS OF FINE COOKING & HEATING APPLIANCES SINCE 1777

Insist on Kunzle Quality



Art Dessert

CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

... like Kunzle Cakes—a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

SAY
"Noilly Prat"
and your 'French'
will be perfect...



Here's the perfect way to serve it

- ☆ Gin and French. $\frac{1}{2}$ Gin, $\frac{1}{2}$ Noilly Prat.
- ☆ Bronx Cocktail. $\frac{1}{2}$ Noilly Prat, $\frac{1}{2}$ Italian Vermouth, $\frac{1}{2}$ Gin, Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange.
- ☆ Short Noilly Prat. Neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed into the vermouth, then dropped into it.
- ☆ Long Noilly Prat. Pour two fingers of Noilly Prat into a tumbler, add ice, top with soda.



NOILLY PRAT

BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN THE LARGE BOTTLE IN FRANCE

—by insisting on Gin and Noilly Prat
you ensure getting Gin and 'French'.

Never go without your Double Diamond



Wherever you go (yes, even when you are travelling) you are never far from a Double Diamond. A Double Diamond *works wonders* at any time—takes the tension out of life (and travel), revives your confidence, puts you back on top of your form. The world is at its best after a Double Diamond—wherever you are!

A DOUBLE DIAMOND

works wonders



IND COOPE'S DOUBLE DIAMOND BREWED AT BURTON



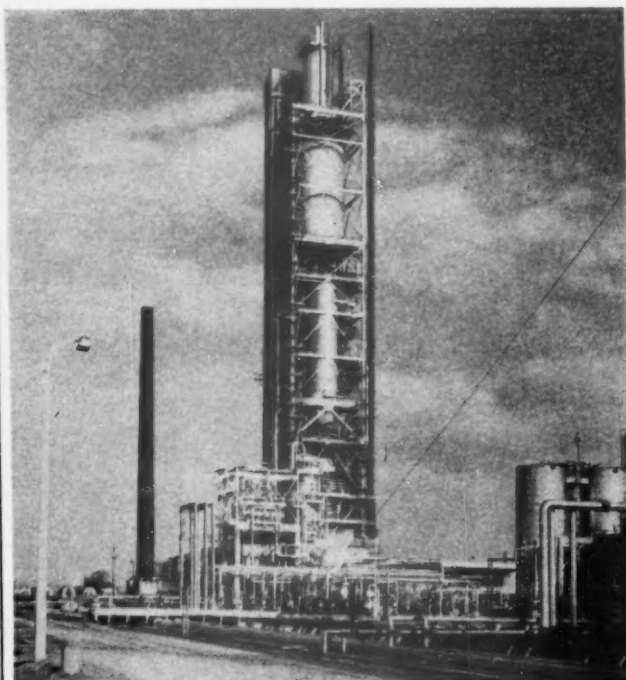
BRITAIN'S

NEWEST REFINERY



On the north bank of the Thames estuary at Coryton, in Essex, a new oil refinery has been built on what was a bleak stretch of low-lying marsh less than four years ago. British industry has contributed ninety-five per cent of the equipment and materials used by the four thousand men who came from all over the British Isles to build this refinery.

At Coryton, the most modern processes are used to refine nearly one million tons of crude oil from the Middle East each year to make the petroleum products which Vacuum Oil Company markets under the famous Flying Red Horse trademark. The air-lift thermofor catalytic cracking unit, which makes high-quality petrol, is the first of its kind in the United Kingdom, and the thermofor continuous percolation unit for processing lubricating oils is the first of its kind in the world.



THE 300 FEET HIGH CATALYTIC CRACKING UNIT



Among the many well-known brands of fuels and lubricants that Coryton refinery is now producing are Mobilgas—Britain's newest petrol; Mobiloil—the world's largest-selling motor oil; and Gargoyle industrial and marine lubricants. These and other Flying Red Horse products make an important contribution to the fuelling of Britain's transport and to the lubrication of many of our largest industrial plants and ships.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1

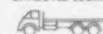
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How much electricity in an eel's tail?



IN OUR SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS of electrical experience, that is something we have never been asked to measure, which, when we come to think of it, is a little surprising. For every day we are called upon to supply equipment for measuring, generating or utilising electrical energy. And the many users of our products have found that there is a certain additional quality about them which is beyond all measure. That's what we were hinting at when we referred to seventy-five years. Like the eel, we've got a lot of electricity behind us.

When it comes to electrical equipment . . . you've got to hand it to

NOTE: Curiously enough, the electric eel (*Gymnotus Electricus*) is actually a fish. It gives a greater shock than any of the other fishes endowed with electric power. Its electric organs are situated on the back of the tail and along the base and sides of the anal fin. They are capable of giving shocks sufficient to kill other fish and small mammals.

Crompton Parkinson



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Getting down to the rust, Mr. Toogood?

The man about the house shares with industry a constant concern in limiting damage from rust and corrosion. Phosphoric acid, made by Albright & Wilson, is the basis for many rust-removal techniques — from the large scale factory processes, capable of cleaning tanks or railway trucks, to the bottles of branded rust-removers which are an effective answer to the problem of removing rust in and around our homes.



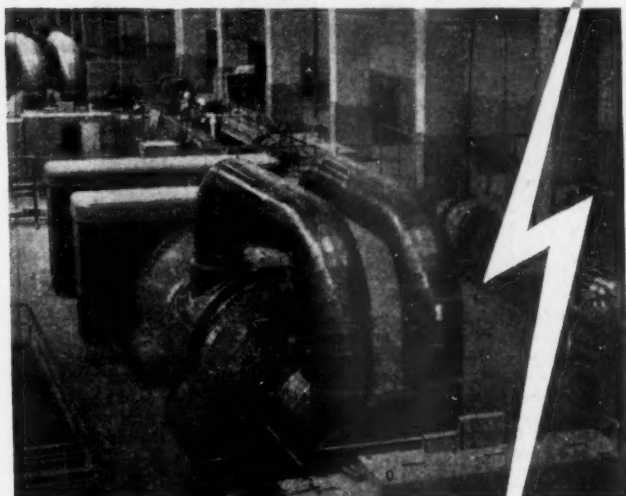
Chemicals for Industry

ALBRIGHT & WILSON

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rw/167

TO FEED SIX TOWNS



The British Electricity Authority's new power station at Uskmouth, Monmouthshire, now has two of its six sets of turbo alternators in operation, and the final output of the station will feed Gloucester, Cardiff, Upper Boat, Lydney, and Llantarnum, with T-connections to Newport. The highly specialised castings for the two turbo alternators were supplied by The David Brown Foundries at Penistone. This type of work makes the most exacting demands on foundry technique, and is typical of business earned by superior engineering skill, advanced technical knowledge, large resources, and an enterprising outlook.

THE

DAVID BROWN

COMPANIES

An alliance of engineering specialists in gearing, steel and bronze castings, automobiles, and agricultural tractors & machinery.

DAVID BROWN & SONS (Huddersfield) LTD.
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Described as incredibly fast, incredibly safe, incredibly reliable, the Aston Martins have earned an enviable reputation in international racing.

* * * * *



This British-built diesel engine railcar is operated by Victoria State Railways, Australia. David Brown supplied gears, shafts and other components.

* * * * *



QUIZ

FOR BUSINESSMEN WITH LOW E.Q.s* IN THEIR OFFICES

*Efficiency quotients

THESE questions are intended for executives who believe in "productivity." Productivity as it applies not only to lathes, conveyors, punch-presses and the like, but also to desks. On these it is just as important to have the right machine tools.

- ① When you plaintively ask your office for statistics—sales-analysis figures, perhaps—does your accountant (1) ask for extra staff to help him get them? (2) ask you to wait until the end of the year? (3) smile pityingly?

Hint 1: Getting statistical information as a daily by-product of routine figure work is perfectly simple if your staff use machines that allow the widest utilization of original records. (Try using Burroughs Duplex Calculators for analysis.)

- ② When your office tackles the monthly load of statements, does it mean (1) a lot of (rather discontented) overtime work? (2) that all other office work comes to a dead stop? (3) that some customers seem to be getting your goods free?

Hint 2: One way of flattening out "peaks" in office work is by completing the statements during the month as a by-product of posting the ledger. A Burroughs Sensimatic Accounting Machine makes this a fast and simple operation.

- ③ If you're still consigning all the facts and figures on your business to paper, which of the following results will worry you most? (1) An astronomical bill for stationery. (2) The collapse of the man who has to remember on what system the records have been filed. (3) The loss of whole rooms to filing cabinets, transfer boxes, and bulky ledgers.

Hint 3: The Microfilming Equipment Burroughs offer cuts document-storage space by over 99%, can present any document for reference within 60 seconds.

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

If any of the suggested answers to the questions above are roughly representative of your experience, it's quite time you called in Burroughs. Burroughs (as we tried to hint) can supply a much better, quicker answer to the whole problem of office-management.

As makers of the world's broadest line of record-keeping machines, Burroughs are prepared at any time to supply advice on systems, machines designed specifically to serve these systems, a service of maintenance and supplies. The whole organization starts working for you from the moment you call in Burroughs. Burroughs Adding Machine Limited, Avon House, 356-366 Oxford St., London, W.1.

FOR THE RIGHT ANSWERS CALL IN

Burroughs

Banking and YOUR JOB...

... "I'm in
Building."



Do you work for someone else or are you your own master?

Whichever you may be, we are interested, whether you are a bricklayer or a contractor, a joiner or a timber merchant, an electrician or plumber, a maker of fireplaces, an architect, or one of the many thousands in the building trade.

In this vast industry there is plenty of room for the man of energy and initiative, the man with ideas.

It is more than likely Martins Bank can help you—the bank with the local Head Offices and one of the oldest names in banking.

Call on our local manager and find friendly understanding.



MARTINS BANK LIMITED

London District Office: 68, Lombard St., E.C.3
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SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES



AN AFFAIR OF TASTE

Artist (who thinks the Royal Academy ought to give his Landscape a room all to itself). "WHAT SHOULD I GET FOR IT?"

Sir Gorgius Midas (who doesn't know anything about Art, but knows what he likes—and what he doesn't!). "SIX MONTHS!!!"

[Collapse of Our Artist. But struck by a Happy Thought, he proffers one of those exquisite "THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes, and under its Beneficent Influence, Sir G. is beguiled into purchasing the Masterpiece—for a Fiver!]



20 for 3/11d.

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

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It's always been
THE
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES
for The Quality



Mellow flavour, subtle bouquet—time and experience in blending Spain's finest wines bring to Grant's Regency Cream Sherry these delectable qualities. Improve the occasion by offering her Grant's Regency Cream when next you meet.

GRANT'S REGENCY CREAM SHERRY

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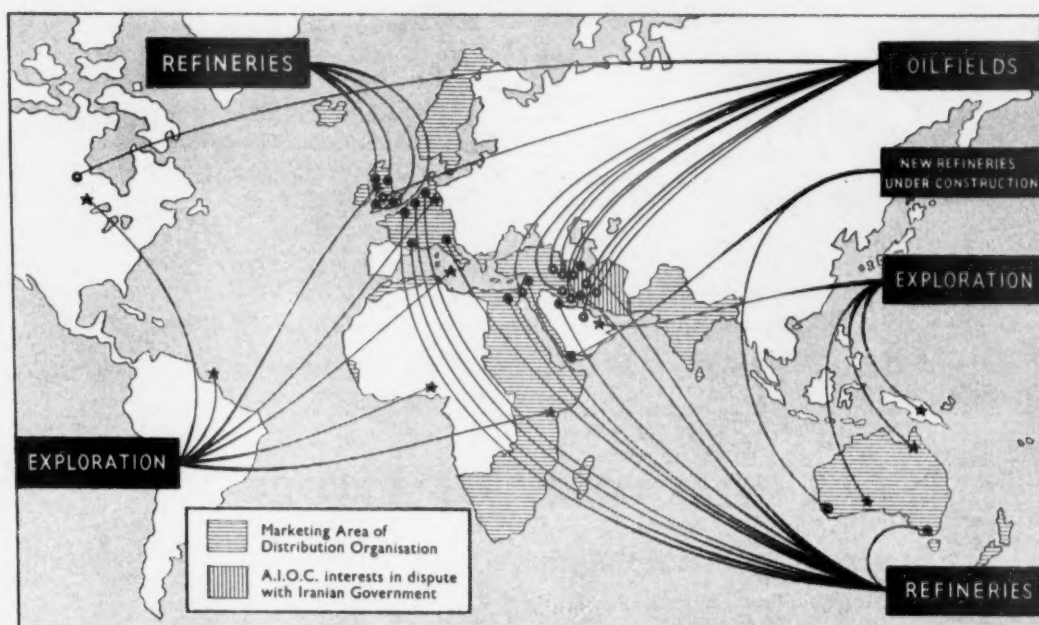
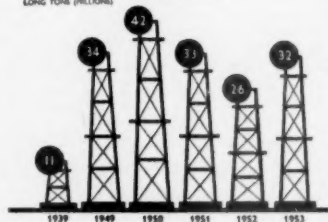
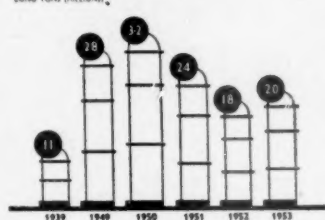


★ AVIATION FUELS · MOTOR SPIRIT · KEROSENE · LUBRICATING OILS & GREASES · DIESEL OIL · FUEL OIL ★

World Activities of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company Group

INCLUDING JOINT INTERESTS

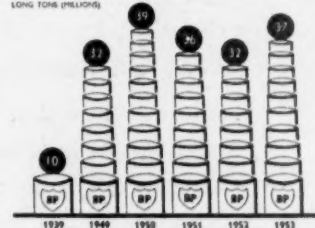
1953

A.I.O.C. Group Crude Oil Production
LONG TONS (MILLIONS)A.I.O.C. Group Refinery Throughput
LONG TONS (MILLIONS)

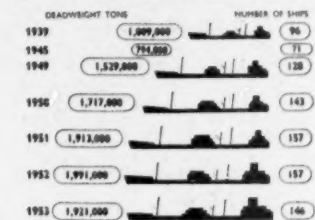
The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company Group's main marketing areas mapped above, and its customers in other countries, are linked by the ships of the Group's owned and chartered tanker fleet, carrying crude oil or refined products to every continent.

World shipping and aviation are served by the BP International Oil Bunkering Service and by the BP Aviation Service.

The Group includes every branch of the petroleum industry, and provides for commercial, industrial and domestic use the many products and by-products of crude petroleum.

A.I.O.C. Group Sales of Crude Oil & Refined Products
LONG TONS (MILLIONS)

Ocean Going Tanker Tonnage Owned By A.I.O.C. Group



ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED · BRITANNIC HOUSE · FINSBURY CIRCUS · LONDON E.C.2

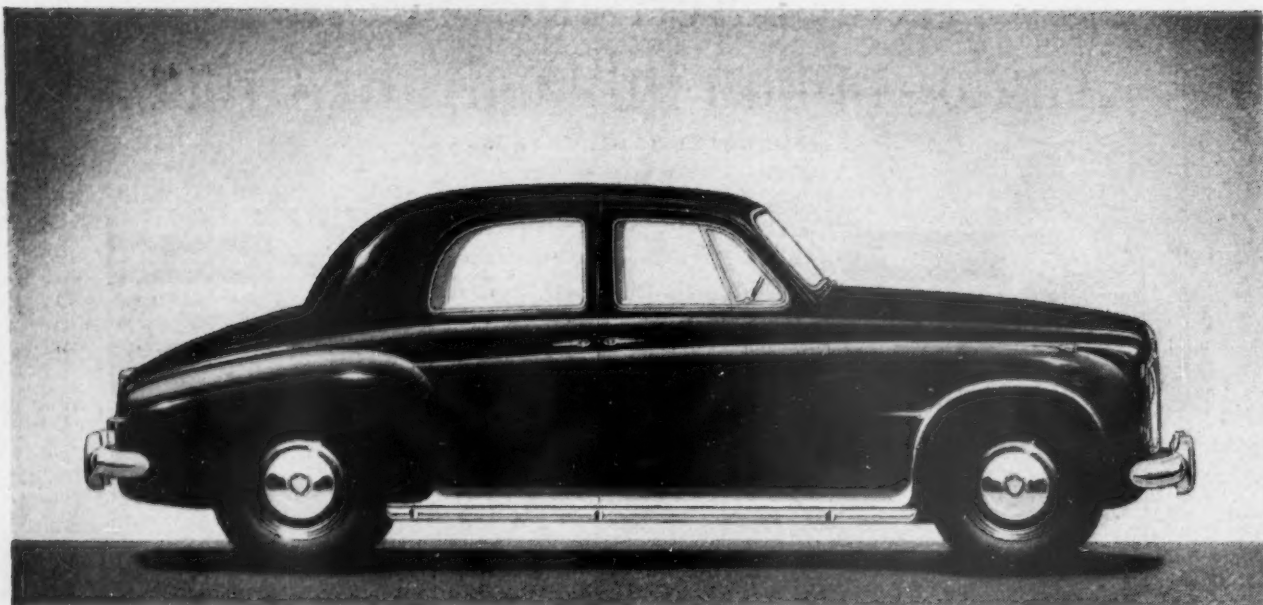
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VAPORISING OIL · GAS OIL · WHITE SPIRITS & SOLVENTS · WAXES · PETROLEUM EXTRACTS · DETERGENTS · BUTANE & PROPANE · BITUMEN

VAPORISING OIL · GAS OIL · WHITE SPIRITS & SOLVENTS · WAXES · PETROLEUM EXTRACTS · DETERGENTS · BUTANE & PROPANE · BITUMEN



By Appointment to the late King George VI
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd.

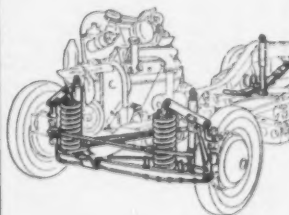


Continuity of Effort

CONTINUITY of effort in the search for an ideal has always been the guiding principle of Rover designers. Alert to apply the latest scientific discoveries, they have succeeded in producing cars which are a pleasure to look at, a delight to drive and offer a high resale value after long and trouble-free service.

For 1954 three models are presented—the "Sixty" (4-cyl. 2-litre), the already famous "Seventy-Five", and the "Ninety" (6-cyl. 2½-litre). Progress in design is exemplified by a number of improvements common to all three cars, including synchromesh on second, third and top gears, and a new central gear change. Rubber bushes and sealed bearings virtually eliminate grease-gun service.

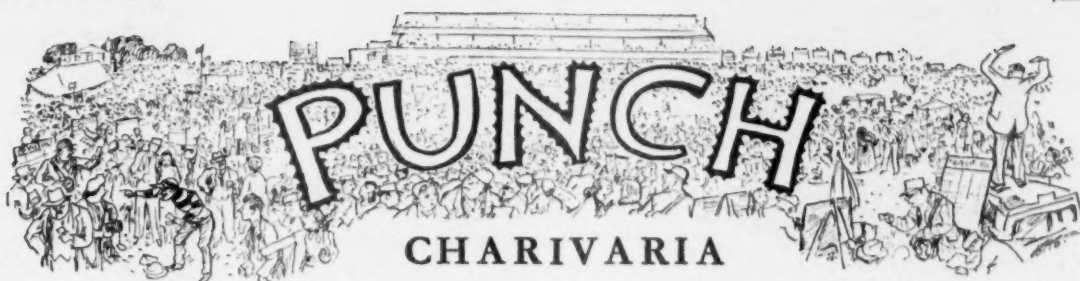
The robust independent front wheel suspension has long fore and aft radius arms to take the braking torque, and front end dip when braking is virtually eliminated. Shocks imparted by the roughest road surfaces are completely absorbed, due to the generous amount of vertical wheel movement and the fitting of the latest and most efficient type of telescopic shock absorbers.



ROVER

ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINE CARS

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED · SOLIHULL · BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · LONDON



HYPNODENTISTRY was successfully demonstrated at the Blackpool conference of the British Dental Association, and it was further claimed that the system would enable a patient's toothache to be cured over the telephone. This is certainly less trouble than the old method of walking up to the dentist's front door and pressing the bell.

Full of Holes

HOLLAND Park's exhibition of modern sculpture, opened last week-end under the auspices of the



London County Council, is said to have had a depressing effect on habitual visitors to the Park. It is not so much the appearance of the exhibits that they object to, as the melancholy sound of the wind whistling through them.

Diversion

COMPLICATIONS for the London motorist continue to multiply. The latest, as passed on to readers by the *Evening Standard*, arose from the paragraph: "Police warn motorists who are not going to Chelsea Flower Show this week to avoid Royal Hospital Road." No attempt was made to clarify the position of the motorist who was not going to Hornsey, Foots Cray or Winchmore Hill.

Thought for the Penalty Area

RUSSIA and her satellites, Field-Marshal Montgomery announced last week, have six million men under arms, all with sturdy and efficient modern equipment and in a "high state of preparedness." Mobility and firepower of all divisions have been increased. The number of airfields in east Europe has been tripled in the last

three years. The twenty thousand military aircraft are largely jet-propelled. There are three hundred submarines in the Soviet Navy. And "a strong capability" has been developed in the field of guided missiles and atomic, chemical and biological warfare. This brief summary of Lord Montgomery's main points is given for the benefit of readers who missed the report owing to a preoccupation with the *Daily Express* inquiry into the Guilty Men of British Football.

Love to Everyone

WHEN the chairman of a television panel game was taken to task for blowing a kiss at his audience, he explained that he "didn't think about it. I was just filling in a couple of seconds and signing off in a friendly kind of way." A good way of preventing himself from repeating the slip might be to close his eyes for a moment and try to picture all the critics looking in.

Always Something to Learn

SIX German parliamentarians return home this week after a fortnight in



England studying "various aspects of Government." Their programme included, besides visits to the House, lectures on "The Life of a Member of Parliament" and "The Spirit of the British Parliament." It is not known under which of these headings they received hints on how to get a fifty per cent rise.

Unfair to Saboteurs

HAIRDRESSERS, upholsterers, decorators, plumbers and other craftsmen are protesting that the do-it-yourself classes organized by local

authorities are reducing the demand for their services and threatening their livelihood. In America, where the movement started, even more general concern is reported, especially since a U.S. Navy official announced that any handy citizen with a screwdriver could easily assemble the components of a small atom bomb in his garage or cellar.

Fungus

FOUR-FIFTHS of the men of Alkmarr, Holland, have enlisted in a moustache-growing movement, to mark the forthcoming festival of their town, which is renowned for its cheeses.



Reports fail to explain why the remaining one-fifth are not taking part, but it is thought that they may be giving their full attention to the task of ensuring that the cheeses don't grow moustaches first.

Essential Imports

IF a leader-page article in *The Times* is anything to go by, the Greeks have solved the problem of inflation in their currency by conducting important deals in British gold sovereigns, of which they possess some 15,000,000. It is odd not only that the Greeks should be the first to make sterling freely convertible but that no steps should have been taken to import a few into this country, and use the sovereign to back up the pound.

Nasty Medicine

MOTORISTS who violate parking regulations in an Oklahoma town, says an American dispatch, receive both a traffic summons and an invitation to take a free cup of coffee in

one of the town's restaurants. Something of the kind on this side, with the coffee compulsory, might cut down offenders to practically nothing.

Beware of Stefan Zweig

"AN unusual story by Dorothy Parker" has appeared in *Woman's Own* under the title *Beware of Pity*, though all that made it unusual was that it was called *Horsie* when Miss Parker first published it twenty years ago; that, despite many omitted paragraphs, it

still ran to eighteen more than the original; that the locale has been changed from New York to London, and "For God's sake," "Pardon me" and "Mercy!" to "For Pity's sake," "Excuse me" and "Goodness!" This is obviously more satisfactory than messing about with a lot of asterisks and footnotes, and also gives readers the cosy feeling that there are people in England who can actually write short stories. (Next week: *Naughty Thomas Sawyer*, by Marcus Twain.)

Flashback

MAY was full of events. The mile in four minutes, Sir Gordon Richards thrown, Mr. Billy Graham's meeting with Lady Jane Vane Tempest-Stewart, Britain humbled in a Budapest Stadium, our legislators' finances improved, Mr. Compton's knee again suspect, branded margarine's sensational reappearance—to name but a few: nor should one forget the centenary celebrations of Paddington Station, where a quiet time was had by all.

A GLOSSARY OF INTERNATIONAL USAGE

NEGOTIATIONS: A device for gaining time for the carrying out of another purpose, or purposes, elsewhere. Earlier usages, now largely obsolete, imply some aim or direction in the Negotiations themselves. Their contemporary connotation, however, is almost wholly procedural. Unsuccessful attempts have been made to classify various types of Negotiation—as negotiating from strength, negotiating from weakness. (See under SURRENDER, DIKTAT, etc.) Not to be confused with TALKS (usually "High Level") which have come to have a purely ceremonial significance (cf. C. R. Attlee's *As It Happened*: "I then went on to Ottawa, and had good talks with Mr. Mackenzie King"), or CONVERSATIONS (usually at "Official" or "Low Level") which are highly flexible and capable of indefinite protraction. According to Baublut's *Talks, Conversations and Negotiations*, 1890-1950, the incidence of Talks is markedly on the increase. Baublut calculates that during the five-year period 1945-50, 561,203 man-hours were devoted to Talks. The existing world record was set up at the Palais Rose in 1951; but Baublut considers that this may well soon be exceeded.

LIBERATION: First came into popular usage during the 1939-45 war, when it was applied to the replacement of German by some other form of MILITARY GOVERNMENT (*q.v.*). Subsequently, its application was greatly extended, to the point that, as in Korea, two contending governments were said each to be liberating the other's territory. In practice, a

country is said to be liberated when it is conquered, irrespective of the type of régime established by the conqueror. Czechoslovakia may be regarded as the most liberated country of modern times, having been liberated by the Allies after the 1914-18 war, by the Germans in 1938, by the Anglo-Americans in 1945, and by the Russians in 1948 (cf. Sir Arthur Koestler's "From Liberation and all kindred benefits, Good Lord deliver us," and General Sophocles K. Boot's "We shall liberate you notwithstanding").

FREE ELECTIONS: Elections which result in the return of a favoured leader or party, just as Unfree or Faked Elections are elections which result in the return of a disliked leader or party. Thus, for instance, the election of Syngman Rhee in South

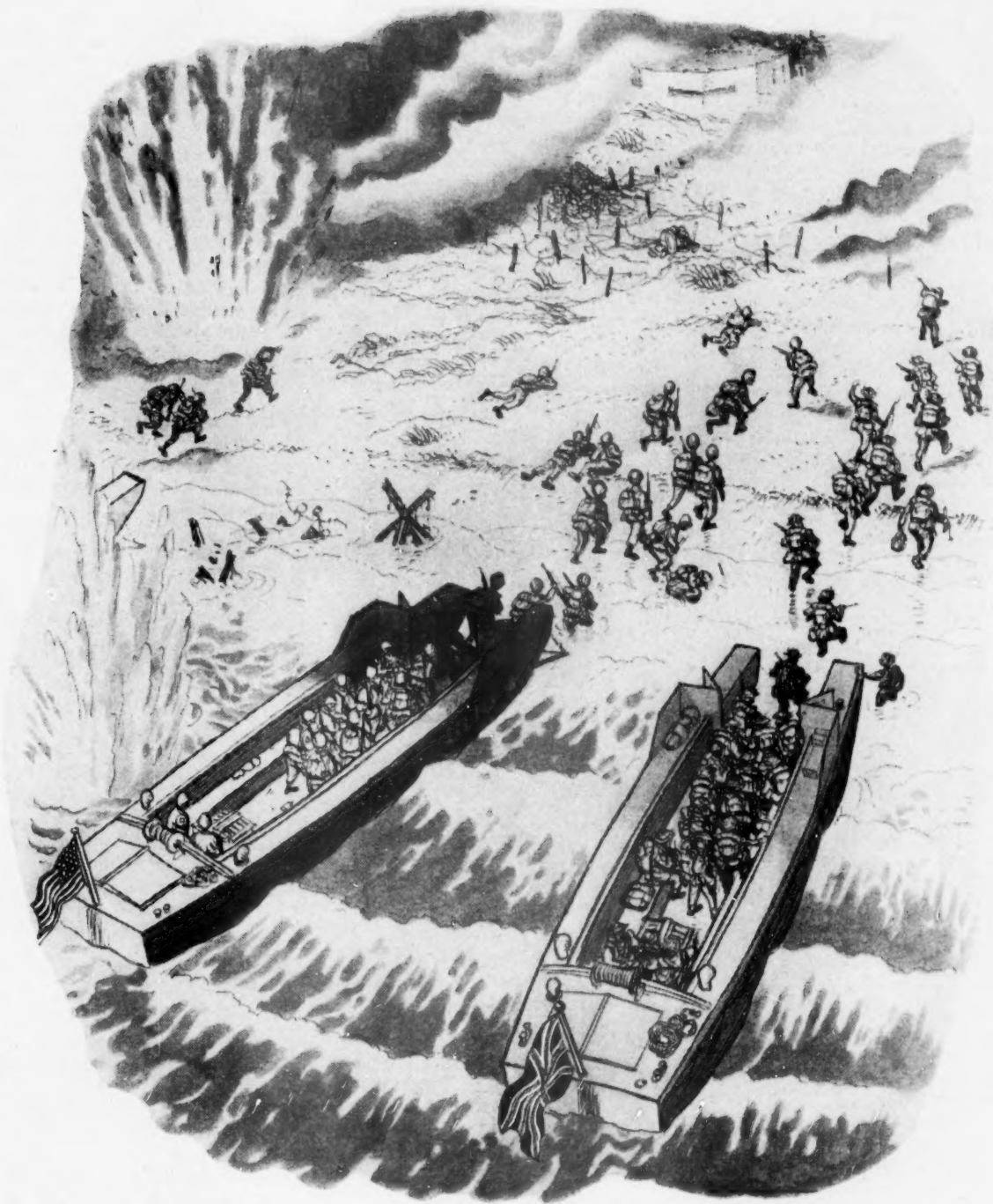
Korea is regarded as fraudulent whereas it is confidently assumed that Ho Chi-Minh enjoys the overwhelming support of the Indo-Chinese electorate. As the concept of Free Elections has evolved, the actual process of voting has tended to become purely formal or ceremonial. Ideally, Free Elections require that there should be no Opposition. Then the RULING PARTY (*q.v.*) is elected by ninety-nine per cent or over, and a PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT (*q.v.*) results. Unfree, or partially Free Elections, liable to result in the return of undesirable or undemocratic elements, still operate, but to a diminishing degree, in some Western countries such as the United States and Great Britain.

RELIGION: Mass movements ostensibly of an idealistic character, aimed at improving material conditions. Ceremonies connected with these movements suggest they may once have had some sort of transcendental basis. The precise significance of such ceremonies, however, is obscure, and in any case their practice only survives in a few backward areas, and may be expected soon to disappear altogether (cf. Monsignor Arnold Toynbee's *Stalin, the Twentieth Century Luther* and the Very Rev. Tom Driberg's *The Kingdom of Heaven is on Earth*). The chief rôle of religion in the modern world is thus to provide edifices for public gatherings, and an organization for collecting signatures for petitions, making protests, and other useful, social activities connected with POPULAR DEMOCRACY (*q.v.*).

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE




D-DAY + 10 YEARS
(June 6, 1954)



LEST WE FORGET

Railway Networks

By ANTHONY CARSON

NCE I worked as a clerk in an office and I grew thinner and my suits fell to bits and I watched the seagulls out of the window. The months passed and I knew I had taken the wrong road. "You're not paid to watch seagulls," said the manager. In my spare time I went to Victoria Station and bought cups of tea and watched the trains. The ceiling of the station shook with the thunder of wheels, and men with fur collars and attaché cases disappeared in clouds of steam. There was a faint imported smell of sea, a catch in the throat, a volley of shouts, and an explosion of children like fireworks. The Golden Arrow drew in. Out came the eternal over-wrapped

exiles from operas and roulette, pampered ghosts from Anglo-French hotels, lovers, swindlers, actresses, impostors, believers, bores and magicians. But all that mattered to me was the gold and blue of the places they had been to, the singing names, like Leman, Maggiore, Garda, Ischia, Ibiza.

Eventually I joined a travel agency. I almost lived in trains, pushing hordes of people round monuments, cramming them into cathedrals, and winking them out of gondolas. Once, on the Paris-Vallorbe run, my train split in two. Half my clients disappeared down a gradient. The runaway carriages reappeared half an hour later at Vallorbe station and were greeted by hysterical shouts, as though they had come back

from Siberia. But the train didn't pull up. It puffed off busily in the general direction of Italy, and I found it quite impossible to control the pandemonium on the station platform. Even I, the courier, wasn't aware that this divided train was returning to another platform.

I lived in a world of smoke, station buffets, Customs offices and rattling corridors; the antiseptic rush through the Simplon tunnel; the gleaming run beside the lake of Geneva; carriages of priests, soldiers, Chianti and garlic between Pisa and Rome; and the eternal stolid caravanserais of British clients getting constipated from pasta and ruins. I was still a prisoner entangled in a web of questions, complaints and prejudices. But through the carriage window, past the vacuum flask and the knitting needles, I could see the running rainbow feet of beauty.

After a time I began to weary of trains and to long for London. But I could not escape. The demon which had haunted me in the office and dragged me to Victoria Station to gape at the expresses would not release me. It was my living. Sleeping past Lyons, breakfast at the frontier, loving past Stresa, eating past the Apennines. Eventually I broke up a highly organized tour of Italy by running off with one of the clients, was sacked by the agency and took up writing.

A summer and a winter passed and London lay on my stomach like a lobster supper. I was making no money. The current was turned off, and I dreamed of the Continental railroads like swallows whose wings flutter in their sleep. Somewhere, someone was waving to me. "You should be here!" Again I haunted Victoria Station. Then I paid a visit to another travel agency. "I am a railway expert," I said. "Can you speak Spanish?" asked the manager. "Certainly," I replied. "We are experimenting with a place called Sitges in the north of Spain. We would like you to take about fifty clients there from London. Would you be prepared to do that?" "Yes," I said. "Be careful with them," said the manager. "Some of them are old ladies and not used to travel. You start in a fortnight, and if you call in to-morrow I will give you the list."



Shelwell.

We went on the Newhaven-Dieppe-Paris route, and left for Port Bou from the Gare d'Austerlitz. So far it was an uneventful journey, except that four of the old ladies recognized me from my last Italian tour, and I could see them rustling up and down the corridors with scandal. The next morning we steamed into Cerbère, and I was smoked out of my carriage with questions. Do we change here? Is this Spain? Is Franco here? Shall we change our money? Can we use the lavatories in this station or would they arrest us? Can we get coffee? Tea? Aspirins?

Before I need answer all the questions the train slid through a tunnel and we arrived in Port Bou, Spain. Directly we got down on to the platform it was obvious that all the officials hated us on sight. Many of them were armed to the teeth. We were driven into a gloomy barrack-like Customs shed, our suitcases were wrenched open and the contents scattered right and left. One of my old ladies burst into tears. Have you any drugs, firearms, or pornographic literature? an official was asking her.

There were six ticket-windows operated by six dour, sadistic railway employees. When you presented a form to be stamped each one said "Wrong window." Finally, at the risk of being shot, I got out on to the Port Bou-Barcelona platform and made inquiries about my agency reservations. A very old man in a peaked cap with RAILWAY SERVICES written on it pointed at a carriage. "They are there," he said. The carriage was bursting with people. "But I have fifty clients," I shouted. The old man looked at me with terrible patient sadness. "That which has to be . . ." he said and crept away.

Finally we arranged ourselves on the train. I stood next a plump Spaniard in the corridor who was looking out of the window at the embittered tourists flapping about the platform like intolerably harassed poultry. "In an odd way it pays," he said, offering me a cigarette. "All of you foreigners, after this ghastly experience at the frontier, are expecting the worst from us. But when you find how friendly we are, and how much we hate our railways, it will seem all the better. Where are you going to?" "I am taking fifty English people to Sitges." "Be prepared for the worst," said the Spaniard, "and beware



"In all fairness, sir, I should mention that they are supposed to be comfortable."

of the tunnels." He gave me details of the journey.

We reached Barcelona in the afternoon. Three of my old ladies had fainted, and there were ten cases of diarrhoea. ("You should have told us about the water.") There were two trains to Sitges. One said "Very Fast" and the other "Highly Rapid." I chose the Highly Rapid and chased my party into two or three amazingly empty carriages. There was another train which I had not noticed. It was called "Supremely Quick." This left almost

immediately. We waited in our train, starving, for about an hour, while it gradually filled up. When it was obviously crammed it left for the next Barcelona station, Paseo de Gracia.

Here was a waiting cargo of fresh passengers. Women lay on the floor like threshed wheat, suckling babies. Aerated-water sellers climbed through a trellis of arms and legs and half the station got on to the train to say goodbye. At the next station the beggars were waiting followed by the lottery sellers carrying dolls and bags of sweets.

An hour later, remembering what the Spaniard at Port Bou had advised me, I squeezed my way through the train and warned all my party to take down their luggage and put it on to the outside platform. "The train only stops for a minute at Sitges," I told them. In the middle of this operation we entered the first tunnel. The carriages filled with smoke and the lottery sellers, coughing with rage, stumbled over their dolls, aerated water rolled over the floor and pickpockets got to work. In all, there were nine tunnels and they were very long and the train was slow. Finally we came into the light, and the town of Sitges, white as ice-cream, glimmered into view.

We poured out of the carriages, the

fists of the lottery sellers pistoning through the windows, grappling with a cascade of luggage. Suddenly, with horror, I remembered I had placed some old ladies on the front carriage. I could see no sign of them. I ran forward to the platform behind the engine.

They were there. Five of them. Their faces were quite black. From one desperate feathered hat I could distinctly see a little spiral of smoke ascend, like the aftermath of Red Indian massacre. "This is Sitges," I said in a small voice. But they just looked at me.

And the train, with no warning, as much as to show that it *was* a train, made off towards Valencia.

I am back at Victoria Station again. Meet me at Platform Eight.

Family Affair

"Given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Finch, the bride wore white net over white taffeta, full-length veil and feathered headdress, and she was fined £3, with 10s. costs, and his licence was endorsed."

Bridgnorth Journal

Song of the Stuffed Shirt

(After Thomas Hood)

WITH principles weary and worn,

With body too tired to stir,

A Member sat in the Smoking Room

At the Palace of Westminster—

Vote—vote—vote!

In poverty, dirt and disease,

And still from a hoarse and gin-parched throat

He sang the "Song of M.P.s"

"Vote—vote—vote!

When the Whip waves a threatening hand,

And vote—vote—vote!

On motions I don't understand!

It's oh! to work on the trains

With lodging—turns early and late

And come out on strike whenever you like,

If this is a Member's fate!

"Oh! for a kind George Thomas,

Or bold Sir Robert B.,

Or doughty Deedes that know the needs

Of lobby-fodder like me!

Vote—vote—vote!

In poverty, hunger and fear,

And never a vote that meant a thing

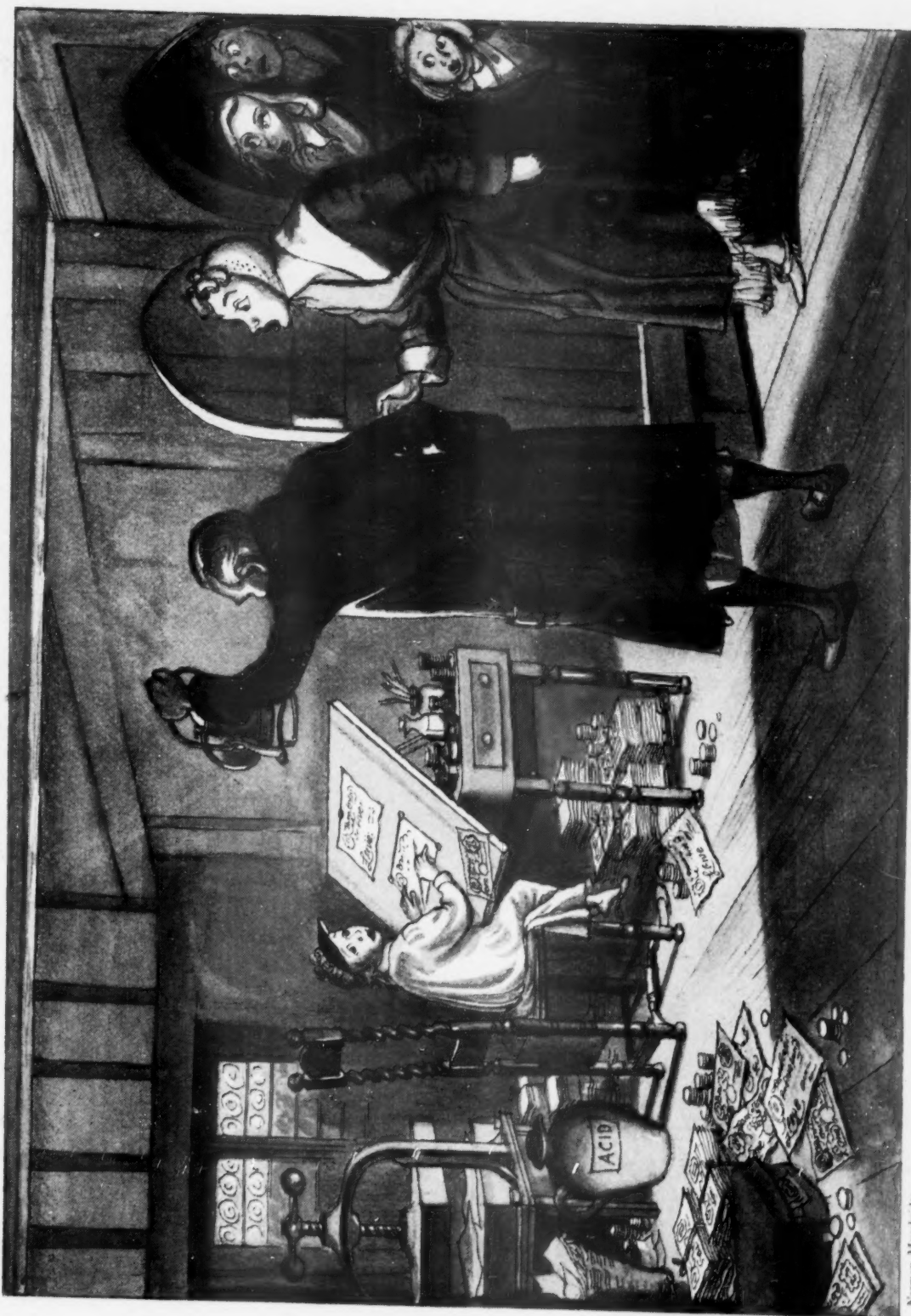
Till that blest division that served to bring

My extra five hundred a year!"

B. A. YOUNG



MASTERPIECES OF VICTORIAN ART RESTORED



After "The Child Hater," by Miss Dickson

The Child Delinquent

Norman Mounbridge

A Journalist Looks Back

The Willing Worker

By CLAUD COCKBURN

MISLED, probably, by sensational literature and the motion pictures, people said one thing was certain, and that was that it would be very, very different from *The Times*. They said they could hardly imagine a bigger change than going from *The Times* to work for the *Daily Worker*. Like most statements made without fear of successful contradiction, this one turned out to be full of error.

True, the plain-clothes detectives of the Special Branch of the C.I.D., bulging in the saloon bar just across the street, struck a note unusual in Printing House Square. So did the social viewpoint of the cartoons presented to the publican by a former artist of the paper in payment for services rendered.

Then I noticed the expression upon the face of the van-driver waiting to rush next day's paper to the stations, and became aware of something at once rare and familiar. I had seen it on the faces of *Times* drivers, but—until now—nowhere else.

It was an expression which said the edition was going to come off the press long behind schedule, and he was going to risk his neck tearing along the streets to Euston and Paddington, and if he caught the trains at all it was going to be a flaming miracle. And just why was the paper going to be late? Not, you could bet your life, because a big murder story broke at the last minute, or floods menaced thousands, or heiress's secret wedding exclusive, or any of that class of caper, but because the leader-writer—the flaming leader-writer, well I ask you—was still batting out a

pronouncement on something or other and they were holding the whole edition for him while he reached for the *mot* flaming *juste*.

A nice state of affairs in the middle of the twentieth century. Who did he think he was? Gladstone?

Within the building, at the entrance to the editorial offices, the sense of familiarity, of *déjà vu*, deepened. This was not entirely due to the fact that at that date the offices of both newspapers looked, in contrast to Fleet Street, like something Dickens had set out to describe and then left to be continued by someone who was just starting to read up on this new-fangled steel construction you heard about. Functional they were not. They reminded me of Boston. But, more than this, it was an organizational detail which evoked a memory of Printing House Square.

Naturally, all newspapers have guardians whose business it is to prevent eager but irrelevant people bursting in and disturbing the editorial inmates at their tasks. At *The Times*, when I worked there, this protection had been considered particularly important. And I had been told that as for the *Daily Worker* I should find it guarded, they said, like a fortress.

Of course, the character of the most probable intruders differed, up to a point, in each case. *The Times*, I had always been given to understand, was protecting the editorial staff against the onset of people with plans to re-organize the Church of England, people who wanted it to publish a five-column letter demanding State subsidies for otter-hunting, and people who were going





to beat up the racing correspondent because of the ruinously misleading thing he foreshadowed about the third race at Newmarket.

At the *Daily Worker* the job of the man on the door was rather to keep out people with plans to re-organize the Communist Party, people who wanted to get a five-column letter published demanding State subsidies for Esperanto and people who were going to beat up the racing correspondent because of the ruinously misleading thing he foreshadowed about the fourth race at Wolverhampton.

First time I called at *The Times* office, I got right to the Editor's door without being questioned, and learned that the obvious reason for that must have been that the person who kept people out had had to slip away for a minute to make some tea. At the *Daily Worker* the arrangements were, in truth, more elaborate. There was a cubby-hole for the guardian to sit in, and a small

guichet for him to peer out of, and a door which would open only when he was satisfied and pulled a string. On this occasion, the door had been wedged open with a piece of wood, the cubby-hole was empty, and as one walked unchallenged up the stairs one caught, at the end of a passage, a glimpse of the guardian's back as he pored over a gas-ring, making some tea.

On the voyage to the interior, other well-remembered sights were witnessed. That man, half-crazed by worry and frustration, shouting about trains leaving and peering over his shoulder towards the leader-writer's room with the mixed rage and awe of one who is trying to get an archdeacon to step on the gas, must obviously be the Manager. These chaps, eruditely discussing in a mood of high-minded levity, the racial composition of The Saar, and that business about the M.C.C., can be none other than the Foreign Editor and the Diplomatic Correspondent. And clearly the tense-

looking man scribbling away at the end of the table is the world's greatest expert on something and, though ostensibly sub-editing a small item of late news, is really writing a definitive article for a quarterly or monthly review.

After all this, the sight of the leader-writer himself, a Scotsman, it need hardly be said, or at any rate one of Nature's Scotsmen, came as no surprise at all. One had seen virtually the same man coolly holding up production of *The Times* while his sinewy pen wrestled mightily with Unrighteousness, a spiritual descendant of Covenanters and of the sort of preacher who held that if a full and proper exposition of The Word was going to cause the sermon to go on for five hours, then five hours was what the sermon was going to go on for. Feather-pates might babble of parishioners falling exhausted in the aisles, or trains leaving the termini without the paper. That was just too





bad about the parishioners and the disappointed readers.

Occasionally, in those early days at the *Worker*, the readers at the far end of the long-distance lines would get together in protest, claiming they would rather have a paper with a political howler in paragraph four of the leader than no paper at all. These explosions shook the building. Campaigns were initiated for more hustle, modernity and snappy popular journalism all around. People sat gazing sadly at the *Daily Express*, with a view to imitating it. Over the problem of how to get snappier there raged discussions comparable to those at *The Times* office when some ruthless modernist, shouting for the Common Touch and plenty of it, came in with that shockingly vulgar suggestion about sticking in a crossword puzzle.

In the midst of one of these periods of controversy, I came down to the office to find a big section of the library space occupied by a broodingly thoughtful Burmese, the entire table before him covered with books, brochures and manuscript documents. It looked as though the article he was evidently going to write on the situation in Burma was going to cover the subject pretty comprehensively. Next day, he was still there, writing down figures in long columns—statistics of rice production, I supposed. His books and papers now took up so much room that it was hard to move about the library at all. It seemed it must be going to be quite a series of articles. And about all this

research there was something impressive and solemn, making one feel that any other article written for the paper was going to look trivial and superficial.

On the third day, I took alarm and placed the whole question squarely before the Editor.

I yielded, I said, to no one in my appreciation of the gravity and world importance of the situation in Burma. A couple of rousing pieces about it were, I did most profoundly realize, what the paper needed as badly as anything. But, so far as I could judge, our friend aimed at turning out a minimum of twenty such articles and frankly, and without in any way seeking to minimize the vital urgency of getting the facts in front of the public, was this project entirely in line with decisions recently taken about developing more zing, zip and popular appeal? Would a series of

twenty articles on Burma To-day be the snappiest thing imaginable? As a circulation-getter, was it just what the *Daily Express* would do?

The Editor, who personally would rather have enjoyed reading twenty longish articles subjecting the Burmese situation to an exhaustive analysis, listened with an air of melancholy. Painfully, as though revealing that in the rush for the Common Touch we had decided to go in for some kind of pornography, he explained the position. The Burmese was not, in fact, writing an article about Burma. He was not an expert on that country. What he was an expert on was greyhound racing. And what he was doing with all those books and papers was working out greyhound form for the coming season. Thereafter, a section of the paper was going to be devoted to greyhound tips and greyhound results.

So, indeed, it came to pass. People who were expecting a piece denouncing the Bank of England and found instead a bit tipping Blazing Killarney Boy for the White City, were disgusted, and wrote letters saying this could never have happened in the Old Days and the Tolpuddle Martyrs were rolling in their graves. Others were delighted, for however shaky he may have been on Burma, as a dog-tipster he was the tops. In the raw financial blizzard which blew continuously through the office for months on end, he was a big comfort to the staff. Perhaps if the Moscow Gold other people wrote about had really existed one would not have bothered so much about what was going to happen at the tracks. Things being as they were, Blazing Killarney Boy was worth a whole lot of imaginary roubles.

Extra Chorus

DON'T put your daughter in *The Frog*, Lady Worthington,
 Don't put your daughter in *The Frog*;
 The fact that she's dined with Fairbanks
 And Sir Larry and Sir John
 Is hardly a case a daughter can base
 A good performance on—
 In spite of blu-u-ue blood
 She'll want a little more than that
 Before she's even fit to pat
 Dame Sybil Thorndike's dog, SO
 Please, Lady Worthington,
 Freeze, Lady Worthington,
 Don't put your daughter in *The Frog*.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

No more lonely engine-drivers moping overnight in cheerless lodgings

WITH THE **"KOSIEBOD"**
ENGINE-DRIVER'S
COMFORT-PIECE

PORTABLE! FOLDING!

CUSTOMER'S OWN AMENITIES FAITHFULLY COPIED.

EASILY CARRIED BY THE FRAILEST RAILWAY MAN.
(contains recess for pyramas & one overnight meal pie)

!STATIONMASTERS!
(Buy "him" one of these & he'll simply love that lodging turn!!)

Instantly ERECTED.

MAKES THE DREARIEST LODGINGS JUST LIKE HOME!

(ADVERT.)



EVERY now and then the red flannel curtain of Victorian prudery is twitched slightly aside and we get a glimpse of long-ago scenes which pass belief. Even those whose own childhood was in the nineteenth century are sometimes surprised by their own memories; such as of men bathing naked on the beach, with but a rope or a fishing net to divide their portion of the shore from that of the lady bathers. One imagines the rope as a kind of Pyramus and Thisbe wall. The lady bathers, Neptune's daughters, were passably well covered in thick serge costumes and black stockings; although they also at the start of the century used to bathe nakedly unashamed. Cameras, of course, had not been invented then—but telescopes had. Judging by Rowlandson's "Summer Amusements at Margate," about 1800, telescopes were an important item of the seaside gallant's equipment.

All this supports the contention that we cannot teach our grandmothers anything; and, conversely, that they are in no position to preach anything to us. Present-day beach fashions may seem mad to the older generation, but they are not stark staring mad. Indeed, the

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

tide has turned, and the current of fashion is now running the other way. For which we should all be thankful; not least those who wish to cut a pretty figure on the beach. As the old masters show us, even the fairest nymph is enhanced by a puff of cumulus; even the loveliest naiad is the more chic for her well-placed swirl of water-weed.

Let us rejoice therefore that, this summer, two-piece bikinis are *vieux jeux*, bare midriffs dead as mutton. Swim-suits are all in one piece, nearly all with skirts. Sun dresses, though topless, have their little boleros for the modest moment. Play suits have their matching skirts for café cover. It is true that when there are shorts they are very very short; but jeans are more general. These jeans are pirate jeans; that is to say, the drain-pipe slacks of last winter in the fabrics of this summer; cut short below the knee, where they are tied or buckled pirate fashion. A sane length for the rock-pool prawner and the messer about with boats. In tough butcher-blue cotton they are trim and efficient; in harlequin prints they are pantomime; in striped towelling they are amateur D'Oyly Carte—except when the stripes go round the leg, when the effect is zebra; and zebras always look tight in their skins. The best of the pirate jeans, perhaps, are towelling ones in plain dark colours. There is a great deal to be said for towelling. It can be bundled up; it can be sat upon; it is warm; it can be pulled on over a damp swim-suit.

But pirate jeans are by no means the only towelling successes this year. Towelling makes shorts, toga tops, sloppy joe shirts, after-swim jackets; and complete dresses. These dresses, flung on over a sun-suit and belted tightly, achieve in one move the metamorphosis from beach undress to hotel respectability. Then again, striped

towelling makes the new tent cloaks. These are huge and circular, tying round the neck; an individual bell tent with oneself as the tent pole. Dressing is carried on underneath, and there are pockets inside for cosmetics. A stole, buttoned on at the back, makes a muffler head wrap, or can be detached to dry yourself with. When not being used as dressing tents the cloaks make rugs for sun-bathing. Their designer might well have been inspired by the first bathing garments ever made for women, which were the same circular shape but in thick flannel; also tied round the neck, but worn *in* the water. The idea was that they should float on the surface like a huge water-lily leaf, leaving the bare limbs of the bather free to swim in privacy underneath. A freedom short-lived, however, since it was not long before all ladies' bathing dresses were tied firmly by the ankle.

The 1954 swim-suit has an almost architectural quality, with built-up areas, notably about the bust. The cuffed top appears on nearly every model and is bosom friend to all figures, seeming to add a little something, or subtract a little something, whichever is desirable. Shoulders have confidence straps for swimmers; but these can be detached for sun-bathing, when bones and will-power are sufficient to hold the bodice up. All the more modish seapelts are boned, many of the French models being made by corset designers. These are in rich and regardless elasticised faille or ottoman silk: with lattice-work edging, with contrasting gussets, with thick embroidery. There are even some embroidered with pearls and diamanté. All claim to be entirely sea-worthy.

But these are collectors' pieces. Those thinking in terms of one everyday suit will choose elasticised wool, elasticised cellular cotton, or elasticised nylon. These nylons have the cut and dash of the silk suits, but are less expensive, quicker drying. Nor do they give their



owner a chilly reception. Certainly not the nylon suits from Switzerland, which look and feel exactly like closely woven wool with a smooth suède finish.

The Continent has been thoroughly beach-combed, not only for resort clothes but also for bric-à-brac accessories. The resulting flotsam and jetsam is now alluringly littering the London shops: raffia sandals with cork soles, *espadrilles* with rope soles, beach mules with more sole than body; shaggy straw hats, shaggy bags; woven straw skirts with raffia trimmings; hats that turn into beach bags, and bags that can be worn as beach hats. These are harmless amusements, for those who find them amusing. But when silk sloppy joes are printed with the designer's signature, *Marchese Emilio Pucci*, in a repeating pattern, who is it gets the most fun? Or the best advertisement?

After the bathe, the mixed grill. In the choice of a sun-bathing suit your skin should be regarded as part of the material making the complete outfit. The fair-skinned are wise to give their raw material a preliminary oil processing in the garden before taking it to the shops to choose its most complimentary colour. Most part of the sun-bathing suits are the little cotton bloomer suits. The name describes them; except that, whereas the original Mrs. Bloomer wore hers below the knee, the less original bloomer girl of to-day wears hers as the baby wears his rompers. The arrival of the Romper Girl in the headlines may be daily expected.

A neat and sweet alternative is the little ballet beach suit. In printed cottons, these have tiny circular skirts, with separate matching scanties underneath. They must, even for ballet dresses, be the briefest of all time; briefer even than those which caused the first Lord Tennyson to flee shocked and wounded from the theatre, in an agony at the degradation of the nineteenth century. "*Une robe qui ne commence qu'à peine, et qui finit tout de suite.*"

"One hundred goldfish swimming around in about four feet of water in the cellar of a shop in Victoria Road East, Leicester, told the story of widespread floods that struck Leicestershire during the night . . ."

Leicester Evening Mail

Lucky you could lip-read.



"Extraordinary how you never read a paper, yet you saw the bit about the tax people easing up on directors' expenses."

This Most Excellent Canopy

THE Commons' present scheme of air-conditioning
Having been thought by some to chafe the sinus
And cause exhaustion (be the age-group "minus"
Or definitely "plus"), Sir Alfred Bossom
Has recently proposed that they should lighten
The Members' arid lot by requisitioning
The atmospheric elements of Brighton.

As well he did not urge the House to sample
Such air as that prevailing, for example,
At Maidstone, drenched with Kentish hops and blossom,
Lest other towns should clamour through their voters
To be ethereally represented
And Members meet within a Chamber scented
With fragrance of—for instance—Yarmouth bloaters.

D. A. WILKINSON

On the Mat

By LORD KINROSS

THE mat is but a stone's throw from Victoria Station. It is a canvas mat, padded with fibre and felt, covering the floor of a good-sized room. On it are two men dressed in regulation costumes of Japanese cotton: loose jackets "just long enough to cover the hips," loose trousers not long enough to cover the ankles, loose belts. One of them is a clerk from Whitehall, the other a bus conductor from Croydon.

They kneel, facing one another, on the mat, bow down their heads as though to an invisible Emperor, touching the mat with their foreheads, and sit for a moment, with legs crossed beneath them, in apparent contemplation. They sit in silence, obeying an injunction on the wall: "The Dojo is the shrine for Judo and sanctuary for the Judoka, therefore in it should prevail cleanliness and quiet": and this is the Dojo. Presently they rise and, fiercely but politely, in cleanliness and quiet, start to tear with both hands at one another's cotton clothing.

The place of the mat is the Budokwai, where the people of London and its suburbs, male and female, meet to defend themselves against their neighbours according to the precepts of a Way of Knighthood, martial but gentle: the way of Judo. One after another

they are coming in, from their shops and their offices, their trains and their buses, wearing cherry-blossom badges with an abracadabra in the centre, but soon shedding suits and skirts to emerge, transformed for the evening into white Japanese, wearing belts of different colours according to status.

They begin to talk gently—outside the shrine—of *osoto-gari* and *uchi-mata*, *tsukuri* and *kake*; or to ponder silently how best to put each other out of action, whether temporarily or permanently. Shall it be by a lock "applied to the arms, legs, body, in such a way as to produce dislocation of the joints"; by "striking, or kicking, the vital nerve centres" in order to paralyze the opponent; or by strangling, "applied to the neck, to reduce the opponent to a state of coma by stopping the blood circulation to the brain"? And, once in a state of coma, shall he be resuscitated or not?

In the quarterly Bulletin ("No great teacher has despised the written word") they read with dreamy anticipation of the "heavenly knock-out" (downward with the fist at the middle of the crown of the head), the "sun and the moon" (with the fist or knee at the roots of the eyebrows), or the "bright star" (with the fist, elbow, knee or foot at a position about 1½ inches below the navel).



"... dramatic in Dior's black evening gown with the new panniered hip-line."

Before stepping on to the mat they read the notices on the wall: "If you are losing blood on the canvas stop practising . . . Please see that your finger and toenails are cut short . . . Be ever mindful to learn, for the wise can learn from the fool more than the fool can learn from the wise . . . Good homes are needed for three puppies . . ."

Soon half a dozen couples are on the mat, defending themselves busily. The silence of the Dojo is broken only by their laborious panting for breath, by the swish of their bare feet across the canvas, by the explosion of an occasional Japanese shout, and by the frequent slap of bodies, flat-out on the canvas.



("In order to make the practice more safe and enjoyable, at the moment the opponent's body comes into contact with the ground a slight lift is given to one of his arms and shoulders.") The pervading scent of canvas and cotton is gradually sweetened by that of a gentle sweat, like ripening apricots.

Londoners all, from Bloomsbury and Beckenham, Edgware and Ruislip and Golder's Green, watched over by a real Japanese, a sage in these matters, they tug away, face to face, "pulling and pushing, resisting and non-resisting, concentrating and de-concentrating," striving continuously to unbalance one another in order to ward off threats of attack not always apparent.

One, "about to take a side step with his right foot, in a buoyant manner," abruptly finds himself reaped to the mat by a sweeping ankle. Another, intending to trip up his opponent, is lightly flung over his shoulder, like a towel, turned over his hip, as over a parallel bar, wound around him, or wheeled along the mat, "the foot as the hub, the body as the spoke."

"If it's well done," whispers an onlooker, "it's ever so exhilarating to be thrown."

So they smite one another, sweeping hip and floating thigh, always scrupulous, as Japanese gentlemen are, not to squeeze head or kidneys, press faces, "twist or bend fingers, wrists, toes, jaw, head and spine." And thus they rise in

the belted hierarchy, humble Kyus becoming honourable Dans, white belts becoming yellow, orange, green, blue, brown and, most honourably, black.

Downstairs there is another mat, and on this the ladies of London are defending themselves, even more fiercely, against each other.

Breathing heavily, eyes alight, hair awry, cheeks flushed with excitement, shorthand-typists, and saleswomen, beauticians, kennel-maids, probationary nurses, they prepare themselves, on the mat, to meet the hazards of London life outside. A Permanent Under-Secretary from a Whitehall Ministry, 2nd Dan and Dame of the British Empire, watches over them, spectacled, alert and impassive, occasionally commanding, "Come back on the mat!" as, in the fervour of self-defence, one lady begins to flatten her opponent against the wall.

"Novices," remarks a black-belted onlooker critically. "Stiff as lamp-posts with drunken men clinging around them.



"It's Edgar's favourite."

Like a willow tree with snow on its branches, dipping to slide off the load. That's how it'll be when we get in among the belts."

So, a pattern of willows, they dip out into the night, walking home, fearless of footpads, across the loneliest commons, down the murkiest alleyways.

These, says the sage, are humdrum considerations. Self-defence is a beginning, not an end. The end is mere human perfection, universal morality, "the equilibrium of opposites in all things of life, physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually." There is much, it might seem, to be learnt from former enemies.





Bardell v. Pickwick : A Modern Industry

HE long drawn out libel action between Mrs. Bardell, winner of £75,000 in a recent football pool, who has subsequently appeared in television in the programme "Down Your Drain," and Mr. Pickwick, formerly an employee of the Dingley Dell Development Corporation, came to an end yesterday. Mrs. Bardell sued Pickwick for defamation of character on the ground that he had suggested that she still earned her living as a landlady at a time when she was in fact a spiv and, owing to her winnings on the pool, not in possession of any regular income.

Turning the shade of his reading lamp so that its glare fell full upon the faces of the jury, leaning on his left elbow and wagging towards them the little finger of his right hand, Mr. Justice Stareleigh concluded his summing up.

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

"The essential facts in this case, members of the jury," he said, "are not in dispute. Mrs. Bardell is a lady who is in possession of ample means owing to her recent success in picking what is, I believe, known as a treble in the football pool competition. Her complaint is that in spite of this well-known fact Mr. Pickwick, the defendant, has on a number of occasions described her as a landlady—a person gainfully employed and earning money on which she has to pay income tax, whereas of course, by the wisdom of Parliament, those who gain large sums of money by such means as football pools or successful libel actions are properly not liable to tax on their capital gains.

"That the defendant has described

the plaintiff as a person earning a living when she is in fact able to live in comfortable circumstances without earning is not in dispute. You have heard the evidence in support of Mrs. Cluppins. You have heard the somewhat unwilling evidence of the defendant's own friend, Mr. Daniel—I beg your pardon, Mr. Nathaniel—Winkle. The defendant himself does not deny it. What you have to consider, members of the jury, is not whether such a statement was made—for there is no doubt that it was made—but whether, when made, it was defamatory. Now Mr. Snubbin, on behalf of the defendant, has submitted instances both from past decisions of the courts and from the general judgment of past opinion in this country to show that in former days, far from it being considered disgraceful to earn one's own living, there was even an opinion



that one who did so was the moral superior of what is to-day, I believe, known as a spiv. It is for you, members of the jury, to consider what weight, if any, you should attach to these ancient evidences.

"But it is my duty to remind you that you are to consider not what would have been thought defamatory in some past time—in (shall we say?) the time of Charles Dickens—but what is defamatory here and now in our England of to-day. Mr. Buzfuz, who appears on behalf of the plaintiff, has reminded you of the well-known maxim that the citizen is entitled so to arrange her affairs as to attract to herself the least possible obligation of tax. That being so, it is for you to consider whether to suggest that a citizen attracts more tax to herself than she need—that is to say, that she earns a living when it is open to her to live on the capital gains of pool betting—is not in itself almost to suggest that she is a bad citizen. And, that being so, it is also for you to consider whether to say of a citizen who has notoriously won a large football pool that she still continues to work is not damaging to her financial credit in so far as it suggests that she pays income tax, and damaging to her moral credit in so far as it suggests a certain anti-progressive bias that is not in keeping with the spirit of the age—and whether, being damaging, it is not therefore defamatory.

"It is true that it has been argued on behalf of the defendant that he is somewhat old-fashioned and out of touch with the world and does not therefore fully appreciate the moral superiority of such an achievement over a life of regular and productive employment. You will doubtless bear in mind that evidence has been laid before you that the defendant, on himself retiring from his employment, accepted a year's salary, which is of course subject to tax, instead of a similar sum in compensation for dismissal, which would not have been subject to tax. He is in fact, as Mr. Snubbin has argued, a citizen ignorant of the very ABC of tax evasion. Mr. Cluppins has given evidence that he even on one occasion—though I am bound to tell you that there is here some dispute about the facts—seriously considered marrying his housekeeper in total unawareness that by so doing he would be adding to his tax liability. It

is for you to consider whether you believe this, and, if you believe it, to consider how far such culpable general ignorance increases the seriousness of the libel and to make allowance for it in such damages as you may think fit to award.

"It is my duty to remind you that the plaintiff's success in the football pool received a nation-wide publicity, since as a result of it she appeared shortly afterwards in a television panel in which, in company with two journalists, a market gardener and a professional footballer, she answered such questions upon the ultimate mysteries of the universe as were submitted to her by the intelligentsia of Ashton-under-Lyne. In view of that you may well think that it was quite impossible that the defendant should not have heard of her good fortune.

"It is true that you have evidence submitted to you by a servant of the

defendant, a Mr. Weller, in which Mr. Weller alleges that the defendant cannot abide television and will not have a set in his house. Mr. Weller indeed himself seems to have some sort of a prejudice against television and made what was, I assume, a joke to the effect that he could not care less whether it was spelt with a 'v' or a 'w'. That you will dismiss from your minds. But the questions that you have to ask yourselves are, Can you accept the fact that there is to-day in this country a citizen who does not spend his evenings gazing at television? And, if you accept it, what view do you take of a citizen guilty of such eccentricity?

"The defendant, we are told by Mr. Snubbin, prefers to spend his evenings in reading a book. He himself says that he would rather spend his money on"—and here Mr. Justice Stareleigh peered through his spectacles at his notes as if he found some difficulty in reading



"Would you mind if I had a second opinion?"

them—"on chops and tomato sauce than on the purchase of a television set. But it is for you to consider whether there are not certain activities which are not, it is true, as yet compulsory by law but which are so much a part of the normal Englishman's habit—of what we know as the English way of life—that a person who does not indulge in those activities must be considered as in some way deficient, and whether a constant watching of television is not one of such activities. If that be so, it is for you further to consider whether the defendant's plea that he was unaware that the plaintiff was a television star, though perhaps in some strict sense irrelevant to the alleged libel, does not nevertheless constitute an aggravation of the offence."

The jury then retired. After a short interval they returned to ask the judge whether it was true that all games of

chance and lotteries were illegal. Mr. Justice Stareleigh informed them that this was so, but added that there was of course no connection between a lottery and a football pool. The filling in of a football coupon was notoriously a matter of skill, requiring ability to make one's mark and other accomplishments.

The jury then retired again and after a quarter of an hour's absence returned.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the gentleman in black, "are you all agreed upon your verdict?"

"We are," replied the foreman.

"Do you find for the plaintiff or the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff."

"With what damages?"

"Three thousand five hundred pounds."

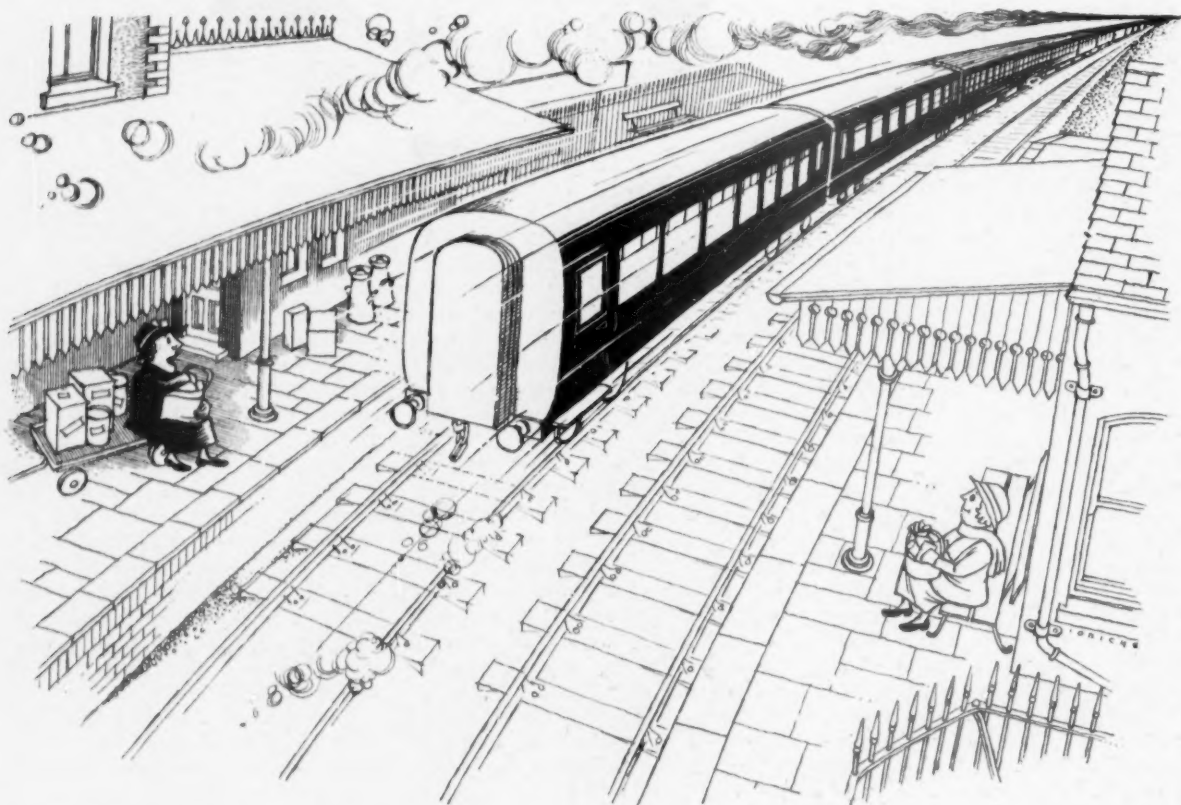
Mr. Buzfuz, on behalf of the plaintiff, then explained that the plaintiff, since she was in possession of an income of

less than five hundred pounds a year, had received permission under the Poor Persons Act to charge her costs to the public account. The defendant had also made request for such a permission. But Mr. Buzfuz made application that, owing to the frivolous nature of the defence, an order of costs should be made against the defendant. This application was granted.

Owing to the
INCREASED SALES
of
—S' FAMOUS
COUNTRY SAUSAGES
we have a number of
STAFF VACANCIES"

Advertisement in a
Kent paper

Sales still rising?



"... as I was saying ..."

Le Derby à Epsom

By GIDEON TODE

CHANTILLY

GENERATIONS of dwarfs, punctual midgets rising at five in the morning, have overrun this town ever since the days of Louis Philippe. For it was as long ago as 1834 that *les dandys* founded the Jockey Club in Paris and decided to make Chantilly their training headquarters. Then, finding themselves short of apprentices, they imported scores of stunted fourteen-year-olds from the mining villages of England.

To-day, the fourteen-year-olds' descendants, speaking execrable French, laced with wild English epithets, pass and repass each other on autocycles on their way to the stables. Not, of course, that I myself get up at five in the morning—far from it. But from the hotel window I can hear them, *phut-phut-phutting* off to work, and later it is pleasant enough to watch the second lot ridden out at nine; for, unlike Newmarket, most of the training grounds at Chantilly run through the forest which shields both watchers and horses from the wind.

Then, at eleven, the dwarfs ride their autocycles to the Café de la Gare, rendezvous of all *turfistes enragés*. Dismounted and strutting in jodhpurs (bought locally at "*Le Sporting Tailor*"), they look even more diminutive. Perhaps from inbreeding they are smaller than their forbears, though their matings may not have been as scientifically planned as those of the valuable thoroughbreds they tend. At this café the chief attraction is the P.M.U.—*Pari Mutuel Urbain*; here cash bets on the day's racing can be placed up to one o'clock, when the grille falls like a guillotine.

During the last week conversation has been weaving around the prospect of a horse from Chantilly once more winning *le Derby à Epsom*. Since the war this has happened three times, Pearl Diver, My Love and Galcador being the heroes, and hopes again run high.

But in order to attack on the broadest possible front the French are also sending over well-fancied candidates for the Oaks and the Coronation Cup. In 1947 they won all three races. Sun Cap in the Oaks is a lovely grey filly, and

Richard Carver, her trainer, considers her the best of her age and sex in this country. She will be well backed *à cheval*, win and place, and those who know most about her say that she is certain to stay the course.

Norman, who is to take on the best English four-year-olds in the Coronation Cup, hardly appears good enough on form, but it might be as well to remember that he's a much better horse on a track with turns in it, and so wasn't able to give of his best on the *ligne droite* course at the Maisons-Laffitte. He will be ideally suited by the ups and downs of Epsom, and has been trained with this race in view by the popular Jack Cunningham, known locally as Monsieur Jack.

Ferriol, the Derby colt, whose name is so frequently on the lips of the *turfistes* at the Café de la Gare, is trained just outside the town at Lamorlaye, where Steve Donoghue served his apprenticeship many years ago. The charming stables on the edge of the forest are owned by the young Comte de Chambure, Ferriol's owner, and are presided over by Willy Clout, whose family have trained horses at Chantilly for generations. Yet it is doubtful if any of them ever trained as good a colt as Ferriol. The horse had just come in from his morning exercise when I called, and his trainer kindly took me round to see him in his box.

I had been warned that he was the best-looking horse in Europe and certainly, when Willy Clout had him stripped, he was hard to fault. A hard coloured bay with a beautiful blood-like head, he has plenty in front of him, well-sprung ribs, and is as nicely let down behind as any horse that I have ever seen. From his delicate nostril to the tip of his long bang tail he was perfect, and as he moved restlessly round the stable he looked a real champion, temperamental perhaps, but how many champions are. It was, however, a cold morning, so the trainer quick'y had him rugged up again, while we fed him with handfuls of grass pulled from the lawn outside.

Of course, his trainer is not confident—his family have been in the game too long for that—but he told me how well the horse had been working since



running second in the Guineas at Newmarket, and pointed out what a grand place Chantilly was to train a horse running in the Derby.

Leaving the stables, naturally, I called in at "*Le Derby*," a café a hundred yards down the road kept by a friend, an ex-corporal of the Somerset Light Infantry, also a Ferriol fan. Over a glass of wine he pointed out that the horse had two great advantages over his rivals. First, like his sire Fastnet, he has touch wood, legs of iron and so has not been inconvenienced by the hard going. Other horses, English and French alike, have been held up in their work by the rock-like surface, but Ferriol had never missed a gallop. Rather the contrary—he revels in the firm going—and his chance would be lessened if the course rode soft. But the great thing in Ferriol's favour, he explained, was that he was to be the mount of Rae Johnstone, who has been so successful in big races in England. He has, in fact, won ten classics. Affectionately known in French racing circles as "*le Crocodile*," he has assisted in many of their most important raids across the Channel. "Yet, to tell you the truth," said *le patron*, "at Chantilly he is as much respected for his character as for his skill. *Oui, le Crocodile, c'est un vrai gentleman.*"

Waiting-room Note

"It is estimated that the removal of these remaining controls on softwood will render unnecessary the filling up of more than 500,000 forms a year by users of timber."

The Times

Horse Sense



THE horse, in my experience,
Has hardly any moral sense.
Or, put it in a kinder way,
You never know which is his day.
One week he has a worthy thirst
To do his best and finish first.
Another time he's one big if:
The thought of racing bores him stiff.
We know such mornings, you and I,
When our reply to work is Why?
But we, however frail we feel,
Still put the shoulder to the wheel,
Resolved that our beloved boss
Shall not, through us, sustain a loss.
Such scruples come to us of course,
But they are hidden from the horse.
He will surrender to a whim
The millions men invest in him.
He mutters "If they make me run
At least we'll have a little fun."

The Paddock—I shall sulk and sweat,
And put the pundits in a fret.
I'll kick a bit as we depart,
And canter sideways to the start.
I'll be a nuisance at the gate
And make their silly Derby late.
I'll leap ahead when we begin
As if I had the will to win.
I'll keep the lead till ladies think
'It really does look like that mink,'
But then I'll let the others past,
And fade away, and finish last.
And all the idiots will say
'A pity, but he couldn't stay.'"
All right. But it is rather hard
When racing men are blamed, and barred,
For causing, by neglect or cunning,
The creature's "inconsistent running."
The wonder is, take my advice,
If horses run the same way twice.

A. P. H.



William Seely

"Well, what do you want to be?"

IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Monday, May 24

Mr. GEORGE THOMAS was not such a persuasive advocate of more money for M.P.s as his hon. friend Mr. MELLISH the previous week. Perhaps he was too sure that his case was going to win, whatever happened. Colour was added to the proceedings by Sir ROBERT BOOTHBY, who seconded the motion in the kind of speech one could imagine Mr. Donald Wolfit making if he should find himself on that unaccustomed stage. Sir ROBERT espouses unpopular causes with such passion that they acquire a kind of vicarious merit simply by having him on their side; and despite the subsequent majority, despite the optimistic views expressed by some Opposition Members about the generous attitude that would be shown by old-age pensioners towards their claim, this *was* an unpopular cause.

No one in the House actually expressed distaste for his extra five hundred, but there were factions who showed at least uneasiness. Mr. WILLIAM DEEDES pleaded for more generous allowances instead of a straight salary increase. His elaborate scheme for tax-free reimbursement of expenses up to £500 was really only face-saving, for there did not seem to be any reason to suppose that under its operation Members would actually get any less extra money than if they were given a straight £500 rise; they would simply be in a better position to explain their situation to their constituents. Sir THOMAS MOORE's amendment was in a different class; he merely wanted Members' claims deferred until all other needy sections of the community, including no doubt our dumb friends, had had their problems attended to.

No one showed much interest in this proposal, but the Deedes plan appeared to have certain attractions for the Chancellor. Mr. BUTLER was indeed in generous mood, and assured the House that even if they failed to vote themselves anything he still intended to do something for impoverished junior Ministers—"but not this week," as the soldier said. Last in was Sir HARTLEY

SHAWCROSS, making one of his rare descents from the stratosphere in order to bestow a kind of lofty patronage on the motion. Despite this intervention, the motion was passed by a majority of 114, including thirty-three Government supporters, and the DEEDES amendment negated by 71. (Sir THOMAS's amendment never achieved the satisfaction of a division.) Sir ROBERT BOOTHBY, who acted as one of the tellers, read out the results with evident glee, but there was no actual dancing in the aisles.

Tuesday, May 25

Those irrepressible gadflies Mr. WOODROW WYATT and Mr. DESMOND DONNELLY asked the Prime Minister for a statement on progress at Geneva and

House of Commons:
Collection



Mr. Woodrow Wyatt

news of the South-East Asian pact. Sir WINSTON, who looked unusually rosy—he had been entertaining Mr. Billy Graham earlier in the day, a proceeding no doubt liable to induce euphoria—readily agreed to do so. The policy of the Government, he said, remained unchanged, and as frequently stated. No discussions involved any specific commitment on the part of anybody. We still loved the United States. Mr. WYATT and Mr. DONNELLY are both astute enough to recognize a brick wall when they run into one.

Any illusion fostered by Monday's debate that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was in a prodigal frame of mind was soon dispelled by the resumed debate on the Finance Bill. After sport it was the turn of the arts. Mr. WYATT called for tax-free theatres, Mr. J. E. S. SIMON for tax-free music-halls, Dr. BARNETT STROSS and Sir ROBERT BOOTHBY for tax-free symphony concerts. Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER said sadly that such liberality would cost the Exchequer over £1,500,000. Then Mr. HAROLD WILSON called for further tax-reductions for the cinema, and Mr. BUTLER saw him off too. After a short divagation on the subject of chicory (every cause finds its champion somewhere in the House: chicory is represented by Mr. GEORGE BROWN), Dr. STROSS turned his attention to works of art. It was Mr. REGINALD MAUDLING's turn to bat, and he played back to this as stolidly as his colleagues.

Wednesday, May 26

Mr. OLIVER LYTTTELTON, who six months ago had only to rise to his feet to receive a barrage of boos from the Opposition, now appears to command their universal approval. His brief account of political progress in British Honduras, where the P.U.P. seem to have taken to heart the fate of the P.P.P. in the neighbouring colony of British Guiana, won him a couple of Socialist tributes; but he was honest enough to point out that trouble with the P.P.P. did not start until they

House of Commons:
Gravity

had been in office for several months, and the test was still to come.

Under the ten-minutes rule Mr. GEOFFREY BING sought leave to bring in his Customs and Excise (Amendment) Bill. The aim of this is to require brewers to indicate the gravity of their products on the label. If it is really true, as Mr. BING averred, that a good deal of British beer would have come within the definition of non-alcoholic drinks under the Volstead Act, this seems a most desirable measure; but Mr. ANTHONY MARLOWE opposed it on the ground that it was discriminating against a particular trade. Both sides seemed to go out of their way to placate Mr. JAMES HUDSON, the temperance Member for North Ealing, who leaned forward in his seat with such an amiable beam on his round face that you would have thought the House was about to abolish brewing altogether. The battle of the Q.C.s ended in a division which gave Mr. BING his leave by twenty-four votes: some Opposition members called out "Resign" from force of habit. As Mr. BING advanced to the Table to present his Bill, someone shouted "Watch out!" in alarm, perhaps, lest the hon. and learned Member was about to walk off with the Mace; but no such diverting episode took place.

The Mace was, in any case, removed a moment later by the Serjeant-at-Arms in order that the House might continue to study the Budget proposals in committee. The topic of the day was purchase-tax, and very heavy going it was. Even the great legal acumen of Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS was unable to deal with the obscurity of some of the clauses discussed.



"Then . . . they were delighted and honoured to have you and you were delighted and honoured to eat their food."—Sir Robert Boothby

Thursday, May 27

Lady TWEEDSMUIR's Bird Bill came back for the amendments with which

House of Lords:
The Birds Settle
House of Commons:
Television Marches On

the Commons.

failed to agree to be reconsidered,

and their Lord-

ships courteously decided not to insist any further. Lord TWEEDSMUIR was not present when the Bill was called, and Lord JOWITT stepped into the breach. Lord TWEEDSMUIR hurried in some time later and thanked the Peers, in a most felicitous phrase, for having helped him "steer the Bill between Priscilla and Charybdis."

His year in the Mansion House has had the most extraordinary effect on Sir RUPERT DE LA BÈRE. He cannot ask the simplest question without falling into a fury. Sir THOMAS DUGDALE gave him a soothing answer to his inquiry about Government incentives to help farmers reach the target indicated for them in the recent White Paper, and he gobbled like a turkey. It did not help to placate him when Mr. NABARRO, smoothing his jacket over his tummy in a provokingly complacent manner, invited the House to note that Sir RUPERT's opinions were his own and were not shared by other Members on that side of the House. Sir RUPERT, dusky with rage, shouted recriminations along the bench in a voice that was fortunately drowned by the applause (or whatever it was) of the House, while Mr. NABARRO smiled back at him with the smile of a canary-cramped tom-cat.

The committee stage of the Television Bill rumbles on towards the

guillotine. In to-day's instalment Mrs. EIRENE WHITE pressed that eighty per cent of film material used should be British, and was told by Mr. GAMMANS that he "saw no reason why this country should not become the Hollywood of the television world," an argument against his Bill if there ever was one. Later, the amounts of time to be devoted to religion, politics and education were discussed.

Friday, May 28

The trouble with all parliamentary discussion about roads is that every

Member who takes part feels himself bound to champion the needs of his own constituency against all the other claims.

Mr. HARMAR NICHOLLS asked the House to agree, in good round terms, that the interests of road safety and industrial efficiency called for an expenditure on road development of three times what the Government had allocated to it, but in less than no time Members were riding their hobby-horses all over the House in unashamed deference to the claims of their own voters. One or two remote considerations found their way in; Mr. NORMAN SMITH moved from the deficiencies of the Isle of Wight railways to class-consciousness on the roads, and Mr. WILLIAM PROCTOR managed to introduce the current railway strike (which he was against).

Even the Strangers Gallery was less than half full.

B. A. YOUNG

CRITICISM

BOOKING OFFICE
Emergency Encyclopædia

VOLUME V of the new *Great Soviet Encyclopædia* (1949 onwards) contains, sandwiched between a lightning pen-portrait of Ivan Solomonovich Beritashvili (founder of the Georgian School of Physiology) and a quarter-column on the explorer Robert O'Hara Burke (spelt *Berk*), some twelve hundred crisp and informative words on L. P. Beria "Stalin's faithful pupil and closest comrade in arms." We are able to follow Beria's career from early days in the Transcaucasian OGPU, when he was engaged in crushing with youthful vigour "Mensheviks, Dashnaks, Musavatists, Trotskyites and other anti-Party groups." Some twenty-five years and three and a half columns later we find him covered with glory, five Orders of Lenin, the Order of Suvorov 1st Class, two Orders of the Red Banner and seven Medals of the Soviet Union. What we do not learn, because it happened three years after the article was published, is that in 1953, accused of various crimes against the State, Beria suffered a political, and indeed a total, eclipse.

Beria's mere physical disappearance from the scene was not enough for the editors of the Soviet Encyclopædia. In a circular addressed to all subscribers they "advise the removal from Volume 5 of pages 21 to 24, and also of the portrait stuck between pages 22 and 23." The aforesaid pages "should be cut out with scissors or a razor-blade, while preserving the margins near the binding." To these margins some entirely new pages, specially supplied and numbered 21 to 24, are to be glued.

The effect of these manœuvres is to remove entirely from the Encyclopædia not only Beria himself and his photograph, but also the rising young township of Beria in the Beria district of the Armenian S.S.R., together with its silk factory, two irrigation canals, two cinemas and various other cultural amenities.

What have the editors to offer by way of replacement for the above? The following:

(a) A dreary half-page on the eighteenth century German diarist

Friedrich Berkholtz (previously ignored entirely) is thrust in between the reactionary English publicist Edmund Burke and the radio-active isotope Berkelium.

(b) The article on the Bering Sea is padded out with some material, previously omitted, on early expeditions to Kamchatka.

(c) We also gain a whole page of photographs of the Bering Sea, including (i) a whaler towing two dead



whales and (ii) several dead walruses on an ice-floe.

It is scarcely too much to say that this substitute material, taken as a whole, produces an almost irresistible impression of impending doom, for a parallel to which we have to search the pages of Dostoevsky. Moreover, there is something rather cold, inhuman and dead-fish-like about this whole technique of neatly removing political defaulters from the record. There must be many like myself who, without wishing to parade as *laudatores temporis acti*, hanker back to the robust and red-blooded methods of contributors to the previous *Great Soviet Encyclopædia* (begun 1926). These sturdy pioneers did not weakly relegate Trotsky and Zinoviev to some encyclopædist limbo by the cowardly procedure of expanding to unreasonable lengths the articles on Troglodytes and Zinc, but roundly cursed them and their followers in good honest Russian as

"murderers, saboteurs, diversionaries and spies in the pay of foreign intelligence."

It may be impossible to return to the romantic methods of the past, but in any case the handling of this Beria incident simply won't do. In fact the editors are making a big mistake if they think that we subscribers are going to sit down quietly under this sort of treatment. Quite apart from the nuisance of messing round with razor-blades and pots of glue merely for the sake of one boring diarist and a few defunct marine fauna, the point must also be made that it was only after several months' delay that the substitute material arrived at all. These people are always boasting about their Plans, but surely here, if anywhere, is a sphere where a little intelligent planning in advance could have saved a lot of trouble. It is to be hoped that in future, as each successive volume arrives (they have only got up to K so far), alternative material, of reasonable interest value and suitable for replacing articles on all characters liable to have their entries, as it were, scratched, will be sent along at the same time.

If this were done we should be able to react immediately, and not after a few months' delay, to the sudden disgrace of, say, a high Party functionary called Klopsky. All we should need would be to hold in reserve a spare column or two containing, if nothing better, some spicy details from the private life of the German poet Klopstock—and not, please *not*, a monochrome close-up of an expiring bug (Russian *klop*) which is about the level they are hitting at the moment with all these whales and walruses.

And while they are about it, why not really go to town on this substitute material? Imagine the zestful snip of the scissors or carefree swing of the razor-blade with which we would excise an article on Grabovsky (Vyacheslav Borisovich), Professor of Marxist-Leninism at Buzuluk, if only we had a colour-print of Grable, Betty to insert in its place.

In fact the more one thinks about it, the more one realizes that this substitute material represents not an issue to be evaded but a challenge to be met. What a chance for some bright young

Soviet encyclopædist to make his mark! After producing a certain number of really good alternative articles he might find it possible to raise his sights, since by now there may be quite a lot of subscribers who would settle for an entire Substitute Encyclopædia.

RONALD HINGLEY

The War at Sea. Vol. I. Captain S. W. Roskill, R.N. H.M. Stationery Office, 42/-

This volume, the first of three, takes the maritime war as far as December 1941, when the loss of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* symbolized the nadir of our fortunes at sea.

One important lesson to emerge from its pages concerns the naval chain of command. Various instances are quoted where the Admiralty issued operational instructions over the heads of responsible commanders; in one case, the unhappy affair of Force H and the French cruisers which led to the relief of Admiral North, the vagueness of the allotment of responsibility had serious effects. Captain Roskill, though more critical about the conduct of operations than the other official historians have allowed themselves to be, presents the facts impartially; but it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the existing set-up involved fatal ambiguities.

This being predominantly a one-Service, rather than an inter-Service, account, it has been possible to give a more continuous and more detailed, and consequently more vivid, narrative than in the previous volumes of the official history. Although it is basically complementary to these, some overlapping has been inevitable; but where this occurs, the new viewpoint throws interesting new light on the course of events.

B. A. Y.

The Life of John Stuart Mill. Michael St. John Pawke. Secker and Warburg, 42/-

This book, written by a former captain of the Leicestershire County Cricket Club, is, Professor Hayek informs us, the first definitive life of John Stuart Mill. But is that really very surprising? The book is painstaking, full and well-written, but does Mill's life matter all that much? There is a great deal about his relations with Mrs. Taylor, and argument whether or not they went to bed together while Taylor was still alive. As they both confessedly used such words as "chastity" in a kind of "double-think" sense and with a meaning quite different from that of ordinary custom, it is impossible ever to be certain what did happen, and, one might have thought, a little difficult to care.

Most of the causes which Mill championed are to-day inevitably dated, and, like other irreligious reformers, he remains a somewhat frigid figure. His battle for liberty is indeed worth recalling, even though the circumstances in which he fought for liberty were so different from those of to-day, and there is doubtless plenty of room for a reappraisal of his economic theories; but this task, oddly enough, Mr. Pawke does not attempt. We could have done with a little more about the tariff and a little less about Mrs. Taylor.

C. H.

Bushveld, Bananas and Bounty. Kay Cowin. Michael Joseph, 15/-

Hopeful signs are by no means wanting of a new realization among dwellers in the Dominions that a life divorced from the land cannot be one of economic security either for the individual or for the community. Mrs. Kay Cowin's account of the experiment boldly undertaken by her husband and herself in

bringing under cultivation one thousand six hundred acres of virgin land in the Lowveld country of the Transvaal admirably illustrates one of these trends. Her husband, convinced that the future of the country lay in the production of food rather than of money, gave up a flourishing architect's practice in Johannesburg to live close to the land, and Mrs. Cowin tells the story of the enterprise, its successes and failures, its adventures and experiments, its domestic difficulties and humours, in a zestful and vigorous fashion.

"In so far," she concludes, "as it is possible in these unsettled times, we have made provision for the future," adding that "what was once a trackless hunting ground is becoming one of South Africa's best stocked larders."

C. F. S.

A Flame for Doubting Thomas.

Richard Llewellyn. Michael Joseph, 12/6

When a Welshman swallows a dictionary of American slang the result is likely to be odd. Unfortunately it is also tedious in Mr. Llewellyn's novel about a history professor who tries to stop a Californian pleasure pier from being taken over by a singularly ineffective set of gangsters. Some dozens of unmemorable characters connected with the pier's sideshows appear, almost all of them talking at great length in synthetic American. Most of them love the professor. "Why, P'fess, honey, it's you," says one of the several heroines, a strip-tease specialist. "Well, my land! Come right on in and make y'self to home." The professor does, very much so.

Another heroine philosophizes: "Bed love, it is what you feel. Hungry, eat. Thirsty, drink. Love, bed. Koot. Finish." At times it seems that the love-making and the talk never will finish, but at last the gangster is disposed of by an octopus, and the professor is left free to marry the beautiful rich girl who has been after him from the start. Lucky P'fess. Koot. Finish. J. S.

Diplomatic Conclusions. Roger Peyrefitte. Thames and Hudson, 13/6

This sequel to *Diplomatic Diversions* follows the hero through the war, Occupation and Liberation. Attempts are made to frivolize the narrative with light-hearted interludes, but most of it reads like straightforward autobiography. The novel puts the case for the men who did not join the Free French yet did not indulge in the worst excesses of collaboration, the men who, despite their claims that they had prevented total Occupation, suffered later for their loyalty to what had seemed to them the legal government of France.

The bits about real people are interesting and entertaining; but the total effect is half-hearted. The world of the career diplomat of good birth had vanished with the war, and there is an undercurrent



"The money I've spent on that daughter of ours and she has to get mixed up with a mob of amateurs at some little theatre in Soho."

of suggestion that France should so organize herself that the magic circle is closed once more and the fun begins again. Much the best part is the maliciously amusing account of political life in Vichy. At least M. Peyrefitte's nostalgia is for a time before the exhumation of Pétain.

R. G. G. P.

Golf. Bernard Darwin. *Burke*, 21/-

This is a truly delightful book, full of wisdom and humour. It is also something of a golfing anthology, for Mr. Darwin has made liberal use of quotations from the masters, and their varied literary styles, as different as their behaviour with a putter, contrast sharply with the uniform grace and charm of the main argument. We begin, of course, with speculation upon the game's origins, the history of the links and the clubs, and run, all too soon, into the fine story of the "Open" and detailed accounts of great matches.

There are chapters on caddies, temperament, cures, and the ladies, and a delicious piece on the architecture of golf courses. Mr. Darwin is bold enough to challenge cricket's supremacy as the muse of sporting atmosphere and romance: "St. Andrews," he writes, "is as full of game-playing romance and history as Lord's itself, but that is not all; every hole and bunker has its own unique aspect and geographical character, its own name, its own long tally of triumphs and disasters." A bold book, a beautiful book.

A. B. H.

Someone Like You. Roald Dahl. *Secker and Warburg*, 12/6

Mr. Dahl, well-known to *New Yorker* readers, is a short story writer who concentrates on startling the reader. Plots are more important to him than character or setting, and what plots they are—fresh, horrifying and detached from everything but their own dark shapes. This is a Grand Guignol entertainment, although the chuckle is not completely separated from the scream.

Some of the stories manage to be attractively horrible in several ways at once, the odour of spiritual decay gradually seeping through the upper layer of ghastly events. At the end come a group of four tales set round a Buckinghamshire filling-station that add sharp observation to ingenious anecdotal ideas. On the whole, Mr. Dahl eschews the supernatural, showing yet again that man can beat any ghost as a chiller of spines. One of the best stories, "My Lady Love, My Dove," has no violence, nothing eerie, nothing messy; but it froze me when I first read it and left me pleasantly uncomfortable when I read it again.

R. G. G. P.

African Story. George Michael. *Michael Joseph*, 18/-

This is the modestly told story, footnote to a film of the same title, of a young Transvaaler who never doubted what he intended to be—a professional hunter

of big game; he shot his first leopard at fourteen, his first lion at seventeen. Resourceful organization of a dance-band, a pigeon-shooting club and a gunsmith's shop, in Pretoria, enabled him quickly to collect the capital for his destined enterprise. His chief capital, quite clearly, was his courage, his fine fieldcraft and marksmanship, and the character which exacted disciplined obedience from his clients.

Accounts of selected expeditions in Bechuanaland and the Rhodesias are vivid and informative. There are many admirable exciting photographs. Incidentally, that his photographer should be content to face a charging lioness, confident of Michael's certainty of aim, is a pretty handsome testimonial. The summing up is: "Hunters live as God meant men to live and they find it very good." An oversimplified philosophy perhaps, but we needn't cavil at it. J. P. T.

Petrus Borel: The Lycanthrope. Enid Starkie. *Faber*, 21/-

The French Romantic Movement of the 1830s has produced an extraordinary progeny, extending, in the third or fourth generation, to the Surrealists, and perhaps the Existentialists too. Some of the early Romantics have taken an honoured place in history, but Petrus Borel is forgotten; justly so, one feels, after reading Miss Enid Starkie's book.

This does not mean the story is a dull one. On the contrary, with its deliberate digressions, the book gives an admirable picture of the period; though perhaps

Miss Starkie is at times too fond of generalizations about politics and social behaviour. Is one epoch really more "materialistic" than another?

Borel, almost famous for a time in his day, never achieved any solid success, and finally died miserably in North Africa. He figures as an example of a "Sadistic" writer in Mr. Mario Praz's *The Romantic Agony*. It should be remembered that Baudelaire found a word of praise for him.

A. P.

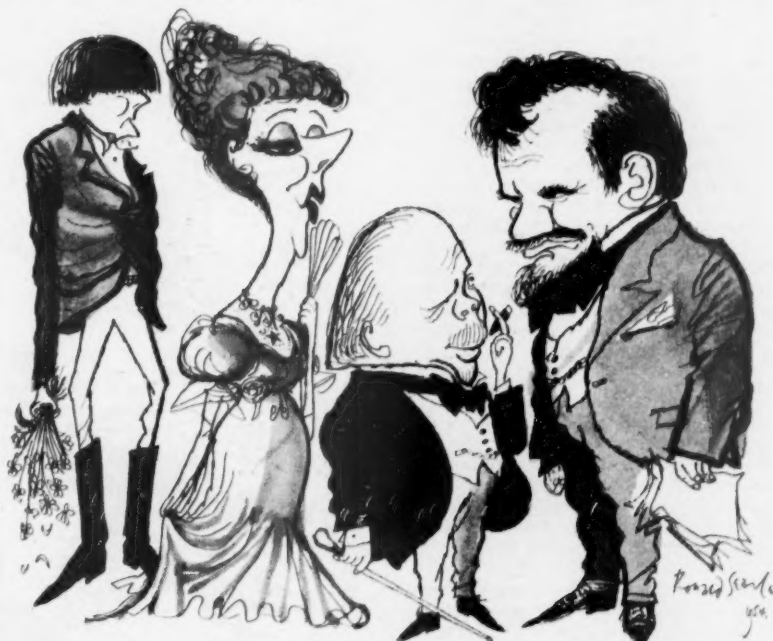


AT THE PLAY

The Cherry Orchard
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

The Impresario from Smyrna
(ARTS)

WILLIAM GERHARDI has called *The Cherry Orchard* a crowning example of CHEKHOV's delicate art of emotional orchestration. "Emotional orchestration" is an excellent phrase. Each of the characters is isolated in his own feelings, and yet these feelings are blended and contrasted until the audience has a full share in their intensity. For a producer the management of this subtle process is one of the thorniest tasks in the theatre. The Russians, one gathers, remain faithful to Stanislavsky's blank refusal to accept CHEKHOV's assurance that he had written a comedy. To treat the play as a piece of straight melancholy must make things much easier; but the producer who follows the author's clear intentions embarks on a feat of balance



[The Cherry Orchard

Epilodoff—MR. ROBERT EDDISON Madame Ranetsky—MISS GWEN FFRANCON-DAVIES
Gayeff—MR. ESMÉ PERCY Lopatin—MR. TREVOR HOWARD

vitality affected by the most microscopic adjustments. If—against all the odds—this balance can be preserved, then we enjoy one of the greatest pleasures the theatre has to offer. Only once have I known this happen, when the Liverpool Rep. brought John Fernald's production to London, six years ago. That was alpha plus, and compared with it Sir JOHN GIELGUD's new production seems to me alpha.

Somehow a part of the magic is missing from the orchestration. Many of the scenes are well played, yet the full spell of CHEKHOV is intermittent. I expected GWEN FRANGCON-DAVIES to be a perfect Madame Ranevsky, and though she very nearly is, I felt there was a slight remoteness about her. Then, more positively, Lopahin, the merchant who finally buys the orchard. He should have his own pathetic quality, as an artist sunk in business and as a peasant unable quite to make the grade at the big house; I could see little pathos in TREVOR HOWARD, whose rough diamond, rather too pleased with himself, becomes a roaring bear in his cups (CHEKHOV said explicitly he wasn't to be loud or noisy). He might have strayed in out of Shaw. And although Gayeff, Madame Ranevsky's rambling brother, is given a gentle distinction by ESMÉ PERCY, he emerges as a sentimental, not a comic, character, perhaps because his billiards mania is unaccountably soft-pedalled.

It is really a question of tuning, rather than of acting, which in general is good. DAVID MARKHAM's seedy tutor exactly catches the mood of the play, ROBERT EDDISON fumbles splendidly as the half-witted clerk, and the numbed reserve of PAULINE JAMESON's Varya could hardly be better; PATIENCE COLLIER in a clever performance manages to give a sharp outline to that often elusive creature, the eccentric governess; GEORGE HOWE is in his element as the apoplectic landowner; and a young actress new to me, SHIRLEY ROBERTS, is a touching and charming Anya. Her scene with DAVID MARKHAM in the second act carries the ring of pure Chekhov. Sir JOHN has adapted the play himself, sensibly ironing out verbal awkwardnesses, and RICHARD LAKE has mounted it sympathetically. Alpha still stands for praise, and this is certainly not a revival to be missed.

Estimates vary of CARLO GOLDONI's stupendous output, but since he wrote at least two hundred and fifty plays for the eighteenth-century stage we can take his account of it as authentic; and if the rumours which occasionally escape from Shaftesbury Avenue are true, then it seems that the Venetian theatre two hundred years ago was not so different from our own. In *The Impresario from Smyrna* a Turkish agent arrives to recruit, is dazzled by the charms of three leading ladies, and is finally so alarmed by their jealousies and vanity that he bolts for home. In itself the joke is a good one,

but not even CLIFFORD BAX can keep it fresh for three acts. A better production would have helped. The acting offers a bewildering variety of styles, from pantomime to revue, and only two of the cast are consistently on the target: JESSIE EVANS, who can always be relied on for a lady of high voltage, and DONALD PLEASANCE, who takes the part of a drunken poet anxious to astound Smyrna with his dramas. By nature an attractive comedian, Mr. PLEASANCE also has the strange capacity of suggesting that he has just been discovered under a stone. Here there is something so sinister and reptilian in his gimlet eye that I felt grateful for the depth of the orchestra pit.

Recommended

For those in need of a tonic, *The Boy Friend* (Wyndham's), a nostalgic musical mocking the 1920s; *Going to Town* (St. Martin's), the revue from Hammersmith, much improved; and *The Manor of Northstead* (Duchess), in which A. E. Matthews is brilliant.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

The Living Desert
The Queen in Australia

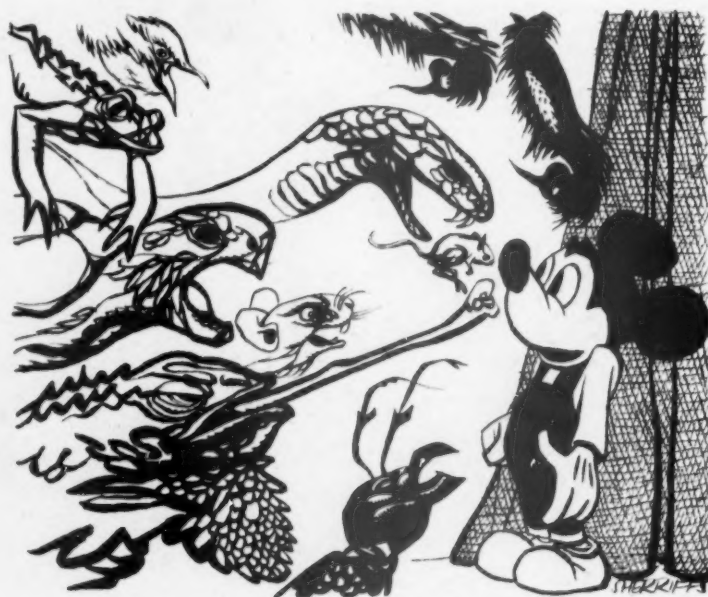
LAST week I briefly referred to the Disney feature-length documentary *The Living Desert* (Director: JAMES ALGAR), but it demands a more detailed recommendation.

WALT DISNEY's short documentaries about wild life have for some time been to

many of us the most acceptable part of a Disney programme, and this is the first full-length one designed to stand on its own. His organization still feels it has to protest too much about these pictures, by describing them as "True-Life Adventures" and pointing to the "drama" of the "story episodes"; even when there is no fiction in the film, audiences are assumed to feel uneasy unless the facts are described as if they were fiction. (Compare the newspaper headline that seeks to arouse interest in a police car chase by noting its resemblance to the one in, say, *The Blue Lamp*.) But to me it seems that by this time people should know enough about these things to be attracted simply by the news that here is a Disney nature film more than twice as long as usual.

The theme is the miscellaneous life, from cacti to bob-cats, from millipedes to vultures, that may be found where it's usual to think there is no life at all, in the desert: the Great American Desert east of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade mountains, which stop the rain-bearing clouds from the Pacific. There are charming creatures, like the bouncing kangaroo rats and the roundtail (ring-tail?) ground squirrels; there are some that many will find repulsive, like the tarantula and the pepsis wasp (I repeat my warning to anyone likely to be given the shivers by screen-size details of a fight between the last two); but nearly every minute of the film is in some way or other fascinating.

As before, music is amusingly synchronized with much of the action ("action" at least is one word that can be



(*The Living Desert*)

Alas! my poor brother

used without argument): two scorpions lunge about to the accompaniment of a square-dance, the millipede ripples along to music suggestive of the railway, the huge bubbles in the Salton Sea mud pots swell and pop massively in time with a lumbering tune.

The only thing I would deprecate is the commentary's tendency to veer between clichés about Nature ("Nature sets the stage," and so forth) and the playful facetiousness symbolized by such references as "mother coati," "Mrs. Vulture," "this little fellow" and "this character." But that can't spoil the pictures.

The commentary is also the main point to criticize in what is otherwise a remarkably good film about *The Queen in Australia*. (This is an Australian Government production produced by STANLEY HAWES; no director is named, but it was "edited under the supervision of STUART LEGG".) Whether parts of it were intentionally written in verse I'm not sure, but the effect is—in the consciously "dignified" passages—that the odd line of blank verse, that bane of deliberate Fine Writing, keeps breaking in: from the farmers who "Have wrested increase from the tawny soil" to the koala bear "Cuddling the gum-tree with his furry arms." At the end, too, we are told "The splendour and the circumstance dissolved, and it became a family farewell." (Though when the Royal party watches sporting events, the commentary becomes chatty: "That's Rosewall. Remember him at Wimbledon? . . ." and so on.)

Nevertheless one does get an idea of the immensity and variety of the journey; visually, and in the way it is put together, this is about as satisfactory as any such official record of fact could be. The photography is in Ferranicolour, which provides many beautiful effects with more subdued tones than most of the other colour systems.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another documentary, *Welcome the Queen!*, which leads up to excellent pictures of the Royal party's return to London, is mostly a summary of the whole tour, each passage of commentary in a local voice with the refrain "Welcome the Queen!" This has a good deal of interesting stuff we haven't seen, including scenes with the Gibraltar apes. Otherwise in London the notable pictures remain much as before: four French ones of very different kinds, *Le Salaire de la Peur* (24/2/54), *Henriette* (19/5/54), *Les Compagnes de la Nuit* (21/4/54) and *Les Orgueilleux* (5/5/54); and the bright new Danny Kaye, *Knock on Wood* (5/5/54).

Releases include *Riders to the Stars*, an entertaining bit of science fiction, and *Beachhead*, a steamy episode of the Pacific war.

RICHARD MALLETT



AT THE BALLET

Sadler's Wells Ballet
(COVENT GARDEN)

SUCH is the warmth of English hearts that a popular performer has but to run into trouble to be sure of a resounding welcome on his or her return to the stage. It happened so when VIOLETTA ELVIN appeared again with the Sadler's Wells company after being absent since the night in November last when she retired injured during the American tour. On her entry in the leading part in BALANCHINE's *Ballet Imperial* the Covent Garden audience silenced Tchaikovsky to greet the restored ballerina.

Miss ELVIN's vivacity is an important asset which she uses confidently in the achievement of a triumph of virtuosity. With immense *brio* she makes the difficult feats demanded of her seem like the spontaneous expression of high spirits. No ballet in the repertory, however, depends more for its successful performance on the precision of the *corps de ballet*, and that, alas! was all too conspicuously lacking. As was much of BALANCHINE's work, *Ballet Imperial* is largely a floor-pattern best seen from an upper tier. If unity and alignment are lost the beauty of the spectacle is lost also. It was the ladies of the ballet who were mainly at fault, and I tried to imagine what the female troupe from

Moscow, recently at the Stoll, would have made of it with their perfectly controlled and synchronized movements. To be sure, the Covent Garden dancers are in no fear of transportation to the salt mines, but if they cannot do better under present discipline the work might well be given a rest.

CONSTANT LAMBERT's *Tiresias* is not yet an established favourite, perhaps because it is a shade too long and falls away in the last scene; but there is no modern rôle in which MARGOT FONTEYN appears to more striking advantage. She has brought to her interpretation of the female aspect of *Tiresias* a subtlety of characterization which has developed notably since the first performance, and she is magnificently abetted by JOHN FIELD as the lover. There is a smouldering intensity about Miss FONTEYN's impersonation which fully prepares the beholder for the subsequent verdict in the dispute between Zeus and Hera as to whether man or woman enjoys love more. *Tiresias* has been both, and now, once more a man, has no doubt of the answer. Nor have we. PAULINE CLAYDEN and BRIAN SHAW are again astonishingly sinuous as the snakes which are at the bottom of the mischief.

In JOHN CRANKO's short ballet, *The Shadow*, MERIEL EVANS, newly come to the part created by BERIOSSOVA, gave a performance of great poetic feeling and accomplishment. She promises to be a most valuable accession to the higher ranks of the balletic hierarchy.

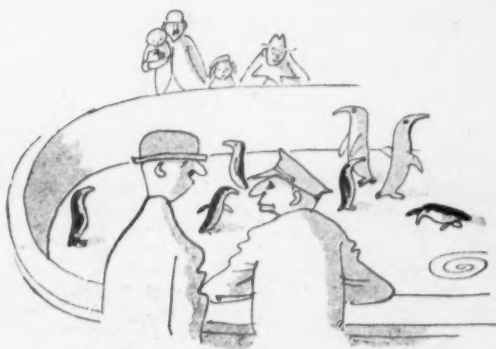
C. B. MORTLOCK

ROGER PETTIWARD

ROGER PETTIWARD ("Paul Crum" to readers of this paper), an exhibition of whose work opens at Eton on the Fourth of June, made his first appearance in *Punch* in 1936, and contributed fairly regularly until his departure on active service, from which he did not return. He was an exceedingly individual

humorist, and an equally individual draughtsman, so that his drawings always suited and supported his ideas in a way that added greatly to their united appeal. The surface inconsequence of these ideas was happily matched by the apparently casual light-heartedness of the drawings, while the underlying intelligent sense of character and strong sense of design gave them an enduring quality that makes them a constant joy to revisit.

The drawing chosen to illustrate this notice is a very good example of his debonair method, of his sense of character, and of



"What's the idea of having some larger than others?"

his ingenuous approach, and it is a reminder that he was, in fact, one of the pioneers of the ingenuous school. His drawings were markedly successful in retaining the careless rapture of the rough sketch in the carefully considered arrangement of the finished drawing—a combination that most humorous artists aim at, but very few ever achieve.

KENNETH BIRD



ON THE AIR

Dramatic Quartet

THE drama department of the television service has embarked upon a bold and interesting experiment—a cycle of four full-length plays, *The Promised Years*, to be screened at intervals of several weeks. Iain MacCormick has explained that the instalments of his quartet are “closely related” and will employ the same principal characters, but that each episode will be a complete and self-contained dramatic fragment. The first play, *The Liberators*, deals with the more obvious problems of conscience and divided loyalties confronting British and American soldiers, Italian partisans and peasant farmers during the last days of the war. The second play will be set against a background of the Berlin Air-Lift; the third switches to Korea, and the fourth returns to the Italian farmhouse in the spring of 1954.

At the moment—having enjoyed the first arc of the cycle—I cannot see how *The Promised Years* can possibly survive the handicap of its serial presentation. A gap of three weeks between episodes one and two is far too long, and Michael Barry and company must know this. I suspect that the drama department has been caught technically unprepared for this ambitious venture, and I shall be surprised if *The Good Partners*, *The Small Victory* and *Return to the River* prove anything like as acceptable as *The Liberators*.

This was first-rate television. Nothing profound or particularly original: just a jolly good yarn told with zest and perfect clarity. This was television for the masses; clear-cut values and uncomplicated characters; the bad girl looked wicked and behaved abominably; the



(The Liberators)

Mama Valbella (Miss Ina de la Vaye), Major Rent (Mr. Owen Holder), Vincent (Mr. Laurence Payne), Captain Coombe (Mr. Patrick Allen).

good girl was all sugar and spice, and her tragic young lover, Pietro, the personification of innocence and heroism. The English major was all stiff upper-lip and milk of human kindness; the Americans, as tough as they come, were armed with the traditional “Get the hell outa here!” brand of truculence. The partisan leader, Vincente, was handsome, masculine and masterful. Papa and Mama Valbella were wonderfully Italian, warm, tearful and swift to mirth. And, true to the formula, there was even the harmless crack-brained grandpa full of vino and original sin.

Full marks to the producer, Julian Amyes, to Roy Oxley for his clever settings, and to every member of a capable cast.

On Sunday, May 23, I sat with friends watching the tail-end of a village cricket match and listening to a car-radio report from Budapest on the Hungary v. England soccer international. We made a sad little group, and I am sorry to say that our sadness turned to bitterness when the B.B.C. commentators tried to make light of the tragedy. They seemed

to be dazzled by the Magyar magic and couldn't put a foot right. They mentioned that the 90,000 spectators were not “deliriously happy” though they were “terrifically excited,” they explained that the ball seemed lighter or smaller (I forget which) than the one the English team had used at practice. They thought that our boys could be “proud” of their fine showing in the second half (they had just conceded three goals in four minutes), and they somehow managed to suggest that the dice were loaded against us, that the Hungarians, in revolutionizing the tactics and strategy of the game, were only just within their rights,

and that it was an excellent idea to allow the honours of the game to change hands occasionally.

I am prepared to admit that we (my fellow-listeners and I) were in no mood to accept the commentators' verbal gropings dispassionately or objectively: we were bitter, disillusioned sports fans. And nothing that Raymond Glendenning or Charles Buchan could say would have sounded reasonable to our horrified ears. All the same I must register a mild protest against even the mention of that smaller (or lighter) ball.

Televised cricket got off the mark last week with a visit to Lord's for the M.C.C. v. Pakistan match. The weather was dim and miserable, but the play of the tourists glowed with effort and artistry. Maqsood Ahmad and the sound engineers of the B.B.C. gave us more honest thwacks of willow on leather than we normally hear in a week from the Mound Stand. Commentators Swanton and Alston were also in good form, and Brian Johnston coached very ably during the children's hour.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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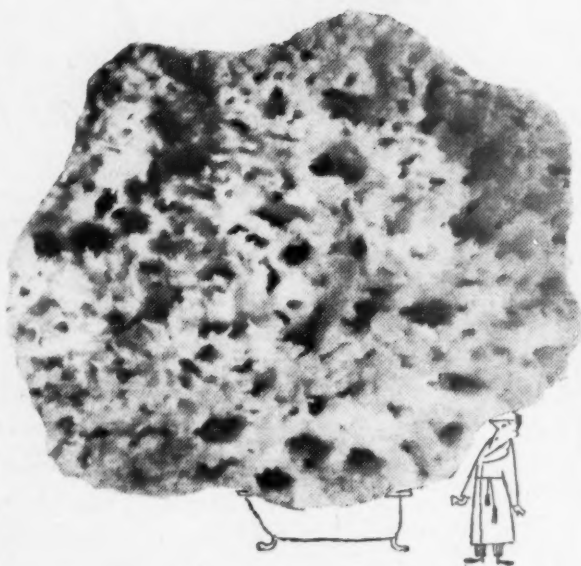
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PATEN & CO. (Dept. 8)

19, LONG CAUSEWAY, PETERBOROUGH.
Family Wine Merchants since 1838.

**We suggest
that you throw out
the sponge**



We suggest that the linings of many furnaces are, in effect, sponges — heat sponges: they soak up heat that should go into the charge. On batch-type furnaces this is not only a waste of fuel but a waste of time and quite unnecessary. It can pay very handsomely to get rid of this heat sponge. And it can be done very simply — by using M.I. bricks for the lining instead of ordinary refractories: they require only a fraction of the heat (and fuel) to bring them up to the same working temperature.

M.I. refractories are low heat-storage hot-face insulators which can be used as direct furnace lining up to 1540°C (2800°F). They may be used in either new or existing furnaces. Either way they permit faster throughputs and lower fuel consumption, whilst with new furnaces the whole structure is lightened, with savings in steel, foundations and floor space.

MORGAN
Refractories

are worth far more than they cost

THE MORGAN CRUCIBLE CO. LTD., (REFRACTORIES GROUP),
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—without
planning..

**but
in**

Industry.....



to increase production of commodities essential to the nation's livelihood, every working hour, minute, second must be carefully planned. Time and motion study helps to that end, and PRESTON'S specialised STOP-WATCH SERVICE helps these experts, with accurate precision instruments and efficient maintenance.



Write for details and our illustrated catalogue: "Swiss Timers in Industry."

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Rainwear
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PRIMULA

your good health

PRIMULA
the Creamiest CHEESE SPREAD
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Famous all over the world!

KAUFI PRODUCTS FOR PURITY



OUR 'NATIONAL' HERITAGE

It costs you less to motor there...



When you next take a trip out in your car, remember that what finally decides how far you will go on a gallon of fuel is—how much energy Nature has put into that fuel. Into every drop of Benzole, distilled from yet another national heritage, British coal, Nature has packed more energy—more potential mileage—than there is in petrol. Thus, Benzole,

blended with high-grade petrol, as it is in National Benzole Mixture, *cannot* and *does not* fail to give you more miles per gallon.

With plenty of very good petrols to choose from, experienced motorists still prefer National Benzole Mixture. For all engines—new, old, large, small—Benzole makes good petrol better!

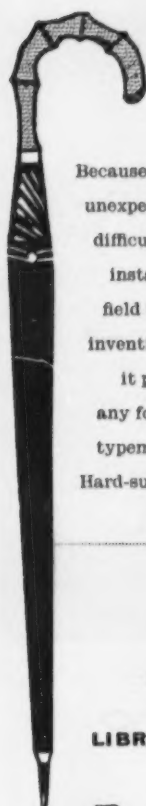
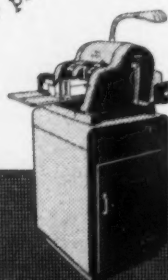
NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE

N.B.7V7

National Benzole Co. Ltd., Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. (The distributing organisation owned and entirely controlled by the producers of British Benzole)



To make the office a better place to work in



Because of Roneo's breadth of activities, it is not unexpected to find that they are first in solving difficult office problems. In duplicating for instance—not only does Roneo '500' lead the field with its fully automatic inking, but the invention of the Roneo Electronic Stencil makes it possible for the first time to reproduce any form of illustration, diagram, lettering or typematter without the use of blocks or films. Hard-surface (non-absorbent) paper can be used.

**DUPLICATORS
STEEL PARTITIONING
FILING AND RECORDS
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Craven

for

Civic

honours



SIR JAMES BARRIE considered that a tin of Craven Tobacco was a far greater award than the freedom of the city. In 'My Lady Nicotine' he said:

"It is a Tobacco that should only be smoked by our greatest men. Were we to present a tin of it to our national heroes, instead of the freedom of the city, they would probably thank us more."

Craven Tobacco is unstinting in its service—mellow, slow-burning, deeply satisfying. Try it—every pipeful will honour you with smoking riches.

Obtainable in three fine blends

Craven Mixture 4/7 oz.
Craven Empire de luxe Mixture 4/3 oz.
Craven Empire Curly Cut 4/4 oz.

Quality tells in Time

"Double Proof" TEST

EVEREST CONFIRMS THE
FACTORY'S A.I. CERTIFICATE

Smiths look far beyond the exhaustive 16-day test which their de luxe watches undergo before leaving the factory. Whenever they can they send these watches out to face the sternest tests which may present themselves. It was a Smiths Watch member, that Sir Edmund Hillary carried to the top of Everest! Smiths Watches are also the official selection of the new Australian Antarctic Expedition. All Smiths de luxe watches are UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED for one year! All have the Smiths PERMALIFE unbreakable Mainspring, guaranteed for the lifetime of the watch. Choose now from the fine range of models for men and women. Sold exclusively by Jewellers, from £7.15.0

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SMITHS
DE LUXE WATCHES

on top of the world!

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD. LONDON, N.W.2 The Clock & Watch Div. of S. Smith & Sons (Eng.) Ltd.



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SMITHS OF ENGLAND
PRODUCT

Everest Model A.404.
15 jewel de luxe water-
proof watch with lumi-
nous Arabic figures and
hands. £10.10.0

B.212. Charming
lady's model in chrome
and stainless steel case.
Silvered dial. Fitted
cordette. £8.12.6

In a 'dry martini'

better drink



He: This Dry Martini's a masterpiece.

She: It's a poem on ice, perfection.

He: And so simple. For a Dry Martini what could be more obvious than to make it with Martini Dry?

She: Does anybody doubt it?

He: No-one who knows about mixing a cocktail. After all it's the vermouth that *makes* a cocktail.

Both: And Martini makes the vermouth.

JUNE

ALFRESCO REPAST

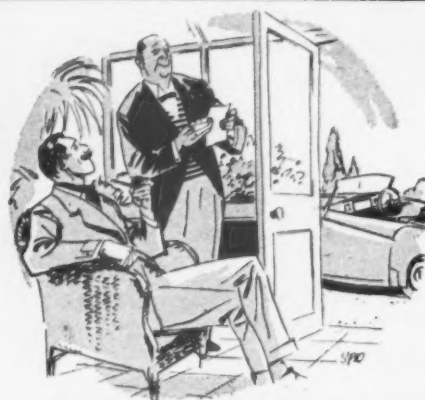
We derive from both art and literature the impression that picnics were once marked by a formality and a decorum which they lack today. How gracefully those crinolines billow upon the greensward! How attentively the young gentleman in tight breeches proffers what is quite possibly a bowl of syllabub to the lady in mauve! With what zeal are those two footmen in the background unpacking yet another hamper of viands! Things are much different when we have a picnic. The *venue* selected for the purpose appears idyllic. It is only after we have settled down that cows appear from nowhere to blow meditatively down the backs of our necks and we discover that the rug is spread over a densely populated colony of ants. The manners of our party lack that stylized courtliness which the artists were at pains to emphasize; we cannot, for instance, imagine the lady in mauve saying "Chuck us a scone" or "After you with the teaspoon".

There is, however, no future in regretting the past, and still less, as far as picnics are concerned, in trying to ape it. Even if we had those two footmen, there would be no room for them in the car. We know that we must cut our coat according to our cloth; and the same sort of thing applies to sandwiches.



In financial matters also we must tailor the coat to the cloth. This intricate operation can be made much simpler with the help of an account at the Midland Bank, for then you will always have a check on income and expenditure.

MIDLAND BANK



HAPPY WARRIOR

"It's come, Mr. Gerald — a pressing note from the Colonel. He says the old Unit wants me back and he hopes the Dunkirk Spirit still lives on."

"What, Hawkins, will be the nature of your Home Guard Duties?"

"Night manoeuvres, sir. Some of the ablest dart players have left the neighbourhood—and you may recall that I led the

Team to victory in '43."

"An occasion I am unlikely to forget, Hawkins! . . . Should you ever celebrate a comparable victory, I trust you will not overlook your nightcap of Rose's Lime Juice."

"Wisdom, Mr. Gerald, comes with advancing age. Would you care for a glass of gin and Rose's now?"

"Nice work, Sergeant Hawkins."

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

for Gin and Lime

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES



Lord Hawk-Eye, criminologist,

Now reconstructs the fatal tryst.

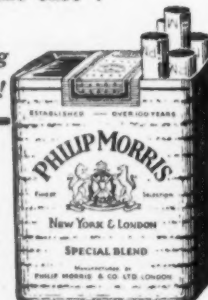
'No common crime' says he, 'I trace

A PHILIP MORRIS in the case'.

...well worth investigating
at 3/9 for 20!

PHILIP MORRIS

CIGARETTES





Pure Knowledge

IN THIS AGE OF TECHNOLOGY, unceasing scientific research is the nation's best guarantee of a prosperous future. To compete on the markets of a rapidly changing world, Industry must make full use of Science, both to improve its established products and to develop new ones. It is not enough, however, to concentrate on immediate practical problems. There must also be a continual advance in man's knowledge of the fundamental principles of nature. Aware of the importance of research to an efficient concern, I.C.I. spends £7,500,000 a year on research and development. Part of this substantial sum goes to pay for fundamental research in the laboratories of I.C.I.'s manufacturing Divisions, and the company has also established laboratories at Welwyn in Hertfordshire where its scientists can carry on the long-term investigation of fundamental problems without any regard to immediate commercial considerations.

The results of such research are published and thus made available to the entire nation.

In the advancement of pure Science, however, the spearhead is—and must remain—the Universities. For that reason I.C.I. gives them support, both material and financial. There are 92 I.C.I. research fellowships—worth more than £73,000 a year—at 11 British Universities. These are open to graduates of any race, religion or nationality, and are awarded by the Universities entirely at their own discretion. I.C.I. also provides funds, amounting to about £100,000 a year, to help Universities in various other ways, including the provision of chemicals and apparatus for research purposes. Such contributions bring benefit not only to I.C.I. but to the whole community, and help Britain to maintain that leadership in Science which alone can secure her competitive efficiency.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited



GREAT ELIZABETHANS

*It's a moot point
whether
Sir Francis Drake
would have dressed his
beard with IMPERIAL LEATHER Brilliantine
or shaved it off with IMPERIAL LEATHER
Shaving Soap had Cussons made
IMPERIAL LEATHER then*



Cussons

IMPERIAL LEATHER SHAVING SOAP

MAKES NEW ELIZABETHANS FEEL GREAT



This firm, free-lathering shaving stick in attractive container is a joy to shave with and a luxury that lasts. **Refills always available.** Use also Imperial Leather After-Shave Lotion and Talc to complete your luxury shave. From all good shops.

Cussons Sons & Co. Ltd, 84 Brook St, Grosvenor Square, W1



A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

New York: EXCELSIOR WINE CO., 150 BROADWAY

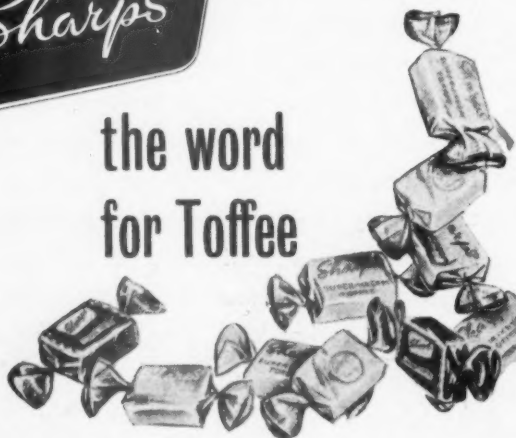


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word!

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Sir Kreamy Knot

the word
for Toffee



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P-2-30

new

*Austin Reed sports trousers
new cut • new cloths • new colours
new waistband • new front
new pockets • more comfort and
elegance all round*



5½ guineas



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PRECISION BUILT MOWERS

make it a
pleasure to mow

Greens Master Light-weight cuts up to ½ acre per hour. Only two controls, throttle and clutch. Kick start. Villiers 2-stroke engine. 14" and 17". From Ironmongers, Seedsmen, and Stores.

After sales service
in your area.

Hire Purchase
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All types:
MOTOR. ROLLER.
SIDEWHEEL.



GUARANTEED FOR EVER

THOMAS GREEN & SON LTD Leeds & London

100 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

All who love dogs



... know that a dog can't be happy unless he's healthy. And he can't be healthy unless his owner looks after him sensibly.

Mr. Bob Martin realised this. He loved dogs and disliked to see so many of them 'out of condition.' That was why more than 60 years ago he formulated the 'condition powders' which were to become so famous.

Breeders and exhibitors were quick to acknowledge this advance in dog care. Hence the world-wide fame of Bob Martin's, which now contain vitamins A, B and D—plus all the concentrated goodness of whole natural liver. These are all essentials in a dog's truly natural diet. No wonder dogs love Bob Martin's.

**So easy for you!
So good for him!**

Your dog will quickly remind you when it's time for his Bob Martin's. Don't they taste good to him—and don't they do him good! Bob Martin time is a big moment in any dog's day.



Give him Bob Martin condition!

Bob Martin Condition Powder Tablets from chemists, pet shops and seedsmen 10d and 2/-.

He'd like a
BARLING
on Father's Day
JUNE 19th



A good new pipe is something he's been wanting for months, maybe years. So give him a Barling "Guinea Grain". The Barling design flat mouth-piece is for comfort; the mellow Briar bowl is for years of cool, sweet smoking.

Also available in
Standard and Sandblast Series

Barling
LONDON 1812

PIPEMAKERS IN LONDON SINCE 1812



THAMES BOARD MILLS LIMITED

Purfleet, Essex and Warrington, Lancs

Manufacturers of: "THAMES BOARD" for cartons and box making; "FIBERITE" Packing Cases in solid and corrugated board; "ESSEX" Wallboard

FD 7-1831-78

Cure for packaging travel sickness . . .

It's the ups and downs of travel that affect a package most. The only certain cure is to use a sturdy, strong-hearted package that comes from a long line of intrepid travellers . . . family name "Fiberite".

Into "Fiberite" cases go forty-five years' experience in overcoming the ills that packages are heir to. Constant improvement in the breed is your guarantee of strength, safety and reliability.



CEYLON

Enchanting!

Said a British Prime Minister: "After seeing your enchanted country I go away in rapture. . . I have visited many places but cannot recall any place to equal it."

History rich beyond dreams

To choose this 2,000-year-old wonderland of Ceylon for your own holiday is to make sure of enjoying the most fascinating, most memorable experience of your life.

Climate tropical to temperate . . . entrancing landscapes, sea-scapes, palm-fringed beaches, coral lagoons . . . temples, sculpture, frescoes . . . exciting jungle life, gorgeous birds and flowers, spell-binding pageantries . . . bathing, surfing, riding, golf, tennis, hunting, yachting . . . modern hotels and homely rest-houses . . . finest motoring roads in Asia.



Booklet Free

Apply to your nearest Travel Agent or please write direct.

CEYLON GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU, COLOMBO





... shortly after my ambush on Tuesday we had one of our latex lorries burnt. In arriving at the scene, followed by an Army Scout Car, one of the first things I saw very close to the lorry was a 2 oz. tin of Punchbowl. Naturally I fell upon it hungrily and found that although dented it was still airtight—a very pleasant reward.

This letter can be seen at 24 Holborn, London, E.C.1.



Punchbowl

The FULL-STRENGTH TOBACCO

This famous tobacco is also available in two other strengths. In the mild form it is called Parson's Pleasure whilst the medium variety is known as Barney's. Each of the three strengths is priced at 4 6d. the ounce.

And

IT'S MADE BY JOHN SINCLAIR LTD.



BRYLCREEM

grooms by Surface Tension

The aqueous solution in Brylcreem enables the oil to spread as a thin film evenly over the hair, coating every hair-strand. The surface tension holds the hairs together firmly but gently. Every hair is supple and lustrous. What's more, massage with Brylcreem frees the mouths of the follicles along which the hair grows, thus facilitating the normal flow of sebum, the scalp's natural oil. Avoid that greased-down look. Use Brylcreem, the healthy hairdressing, for the clean, smart look.

Tubs 1/6, 2/3, 4/1 and tubes 2/6—handy for travelling.

for smart, healthy hair



royds 184/6/54



No fool he. He blesses the day he married an angel. She keeps his home, she studies his likes and (just occasionally) she spoils him. And when she brings him breakfast in bed, she brings him

Chivers
Olde English
Marmalade
with the tender thick-cut peel

Only 1 4d. per 1lb. jar and worth much more.



Chivers & Sons Ltd., The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge and at Montrou, Huntingdon and York
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START BETTER GARDENING TO-DAY

says **FRED STREETER, V.M.H.**

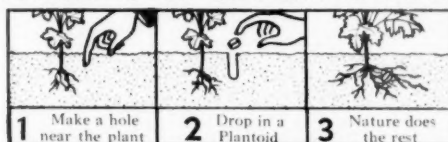
BETTER gardening must give you better results... finer blooms, better vegetables, bigger crops of soft fruits... and the master touch in good gardening is correct feeding. Plantoids make feeding easy. Here is a complete fertiliser, in handy tablet form, containing NITROGEN for growth, POTASH for stamina, PHOSPHATES for ripening, IRON AND MANGANESE for colour, with CALCIUM to keep soil sweet and NAPHTHALENE to repel soil pests. All accurately compounded in a tablet that you put where it does most good... right alongside the plants. Established plants need feeding NOW.

READ WHAT USERS SAY

...I entered 14 classes and won 13 prizes. **W.N.C., NEW CROSS.**
 ...I have a marvellous crop of tomatoes. **Mrs. N., SHEFFIELD.**
 ...fed with Plantoids the cucumber was 24½" long, 3 lbs. 11½ ozs. weight. **C.H.B., HARROW.**
 ...our roses more beautiful than ever before. **A.E.R., ELY.**
 ...a flower stem (Sweet Pea) bearing ten buds. Plantoids are prodigious. **L.C., BLACKPOOL.**
 ...Plantoids are the finest plant food I have ever used. **F.E.H., LEE.**
 ...results (with Plantoids) have been quite amazing. **B.V.C., GATEacre.**
 ...a marvellous plant food... never flowers so big and beautiful. **B.B., LONDON.**

The above are "quotes" from unsolicited letters on our files.

SO SIMPLE TO USE—SO CLEAN TO HANDLE



MR. STREETER'S ADVICE Use Plantoids for Garden Plants, Vegetables, House Plants, Window Boxes and Pot Plants. Instructions on the majority of plants included in every packet.

STANDARD
PACK OF
OVER 300 **3/6**
HALF PACK **2/-**
(Over 150 tablets)
GROWERS PACK **8/-**
(Over 1,000 tablets)



PLANTOIDS

PLANT GROWTH TABLETS

Get them from all Chemists, Co-ops, Ironmongers, Seedsmen and Multiple Stores, etc.

Distributors: **GRAHAM FARISH LTD., BROMLEY, KENT**
 Makers of SNAP VACUUM CLOSURES for bottling fruit

PLANTOIDS WILL KEEP CROPPING UP!